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## REVIEWS

*The Life of Thomas Jefferson, third President of the United States, with parts of his Correspondence never before published, &c. &c.* By George Tucker, Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Virginia. 2 vols. London, C. Knight.

AMONGST the many astounding circumstances which attended the outbreak and progress of the great American Revolution, not the least extraordinary was the galaxy of improvised genius, drawn forth from the obscurity of colonial neglect, to carry on the affairs of the emancipated colonies, and to baffle all the mighty combinations, military and political, of the mother country. It is not alone that there were giants in those days—they were giants sprung from the soil, and starting into sudden and matured power and applicability, at the touch of that arch-enchanter—necessity. When the small numbers of the then existing population are remembered, the manner in which that population was spread over an immense extent of surface, the degree to which the best energies of the individuals were consumed in a rude struggle with the untamed elements of nature, and themselves removed alike from the best means of instruction, and from the quietude of mind and body necessary to efficient study—that so many individuals should have been found capable not only of conducting the armies and directing the councils of the new people, and leading it through an arduous struggle to a great and crowning victory, but also of filling up adequately and efficiently the administrations of so many separate states, and of laying the foundations of so many distinct local constitutions, is a phenomenon as difficult to comprehend as it is unique in history. In attempting to take account of the fact, and to analyze its causes, it is seen that everything connected with book-learning, and that mental development which is acquired in schools, was then afforded by American society in scanty proportions, and was placed within the reach of a small part only of its members. We, who are accustomed to see a rising generation moulded by that which preceded it with incessant care, and both publicly and privately trained to run with exactitude in narrow and prescribed grooves, are apt to confine our notions of education to the one principle of inculcation, and thence to conclude that any people among whom that species of training is deficient must be necessarily rude and uncivilized. But if the American colonies were unfavourably circumstanced in that respect, they were admirably situated for another and more important species of development, which is self-produced in the intellectual faculties of man, through the instrumentality of his emotions. The original Anglo-American stock was principally composed of men driven from home by persecution, to seek for liberty in the unexplored wilds of an unexplored land; and it was mainly recruited from those of the most ardent and reflective temperament among their countrymen. The outcasts,—at least the majority of them,—were of that impracticable and indocile race which, feeling deeply, and willing strongly, refuse to surrender their consciences or their intuitions at the bidding of authority. They carried with them, to their new home in the desert, a moral world of their own, and a susceptibility

to the profoundest and most energizing impressions of which humanity is capable. For beings thus constituted, the New World was a fit habitation. Nature, in all her gloomy grandeur, afforded incessant dangers to be encountered, obstacles to be vanquished, and imagery to excite, to nourish and to expand reflection. To men thus circumstanced, the events of every day's life sufficed to exercise their intellects, to excite deep emotions, to originate new ideas, and to keep alive their spirit of independence, and susceptibility to moral truths. The Americans were, indeed, the truest descendants of their Saxon ancestors returned to their woods; but carrying with them a large portion of the more quickening ideas which a civilization of many centuries had awakened. As yet, national prosperity, and successful commerce, had not relaxed the high tension of their intellectual fibre, nor tied down their faculties to the material combinations conceived in the acquisition of wealth. Amongst such a people, self-education was a spontaneous and a necessary result;—for to feel strongly, and to think deeply, are cause and consequence; and the pressure of externals powerfully contributed to ensure the effect. Among the masses of the American population, it was this energy of volition, and not what we, in these days, so greatly admire under the new name of "useful knowledge," which fitted them for their revolution; and when the more favoured few added to these peculiarities a moderate share of European education, they were placed in the most happy position for becoming active citizens and distinguished thinkers. We do not mean to say that this reasoning contains the whole truth, nor to flatter ourselves that we have solved the problem which has led us to the train of reflection. In every great movement which has convulsed society, men have started into notice peculiarly adapted to carry on the work in hand. This very evidently depends, to a great degree, upon the necessary order which places the thought before the action. The idea of any important change must have subsisted in society for some time before the public will call it into action; and thus men are prepared for the task which is allotted them. But then, on the other hand, the occasion, to a certain degree, makes the man; and when a movement has once commenced, and there is a strong demand for a peculiar quality of intellect or of character, those who are possessed of it are induced to come forward and exhibit themselves; and the "village Hampdens" and "mute inglorious Miltons," who would otherwise have died at home and given no sign, are adopted by their age, and enabled to shine forth, to do, and to be renowned. One way or other, a stirring age is always prolific of great men; and whether they be Bonapartes and Neys, or Franklins, Washingtons, and Jeffersons, depends, in a great degree, on the nature of the movement, and the qualities of which it is in want.

Prominent among the great men of the American revolution, was Thomas Jefferson, who, distinguished as he ultimately became as the President of the republic, and actively as he was engaged in promoting the revolutionary movement, will probably be better known, and more admired by posterity, as one of the most sagacious thinkers, and independent and discursive philosophers, of an age which teemed with

great and original minds. Though born of a family in easy circumstances, his education was not superior to that which the colonies then afforded to her citizens at large; by which, however, he profited to the full extent which an active spirit, and good abilities, would admit. But if his mind was not submitted to as exquisite a cultivation as is to be obtained in the colleges and schools of the Old World, neither was it shackled and held back by their forms. At twenty-six years of age, he had mastered the difficulties of the Law, and so far distinguished himself in its practice as to be elected a member of the House of Burgesses from the county of Albemarle; and the degree to which his opinions were already formed, and his energies developed, is marked by his being joined in one of the first overt acts of independence with Washington, Randolph, Henry, Lee, &c.; all of them men destined to take the lead in their country's affairs, and make for themselves an immortality in their country's gratitude. Letters written by Jefferson not more than five or six years before this time, and preserved in the volumes before us, exhibit few marks of this intellectual precocity; and are not much better, either in style or matter, than any idle young man might indite to one of his own standing and condition. His sudden arrival at a clear perception of the circumstances of the times—of the remedies they required—and the principles on which these depended, partakes very largely of the nature of intuition. Throughout the entire revolution, and down nearly to the last moments of his existence, Jefferson was in advance of his age; and the opposition he was destined to encounter in his political career, arose almost exclusively from his attempt to lead forward his colleagues to consequences, then in contradiction to received prejudices, but now generally adopted by the people as political axioms. His leading characteristics, were the daring independence of his mind, and the vigour and clearness of his intellect—which enabled him to embrace combinations in their wholeness, and to disentangle affairs from those petty incidents which are the parents of petty reasons and petty volitions. In discussion, he rarely went beside his subject to embarrass himself with what was extrinsic, inconsequential, or indifferent to it; but penetrating at once to the essence, he adopted a truth with all its consequences; and what he saw distinctly, he willed firmly and pertinaciously. Men of this calibre and temperament (and in their different kind and degree they abounded in the American cities of that day,) were essential to the success of a revolution, where everything was to be created on the spur of the occasion. Political theory, it is true, must have been cultivated beforehand; for the struggle for dominion between the colonies and the mother country, was not of yesterday: but so it was, also, in France before its revolution. The writings of the philosophers of the eighteenth century had familiarized men's minds with the elementary ideas of right, and had given some considerable insight into the true bases of a free and prosperous society: but if the proceedings of the respective legislatures be compared, and the results to which these led, considered—a wide difference will be perceived in the intellectual resources and creative powers of the old and the new people. Between the great men of the American Revolution, and those of the earlier

period of the Long Parliament, there is a greater similarity. The same simplicity of manners—the same grandeur of soul—the same firmness of determination, and perspicacity of intellect, are to be found in each; and if an equal success did not attend both causes, it was because the unhappiness of the age in England had mingled politics intimately with religion; and that religion was then no better than an intolerant and blind fanaticism.

From the contemplation of such times and such men, we are clearly taught, that, for the conduct of a nation's affairs in moments of crisis, the one thing essential in its leaders, is character; that great views are the products of great passions; and that without those exalted virtues, which lift men out of the mire of common life, acquirements and abilities, however extensive, will have no necessary connexion with wisdom of design, or fixity of purpose.

But though Jefferson, being early called to take a prominent share in the multifarious business of a troublous time, could have had little leisure or opportunity for continued study, he contrived to make himself familiar with the outlines, at least, of the great branches of science which interested and occupied the age in which he lived. He was no heaven-born savage, but a man of cultivated tastes, and elegant acquirements, no less than of solid information; and it is impossible to peruse his correspondence, in which he pours forth his clear and precise views on almost all subjects, without a profound admiration for his industry, and for the happy facility with which he appropriated the ideas of others, and made them his own. It is in his correspondence that the man is to be seen at large; and this brings us back to the memoir before us—which is little more than a biographized history of the revolution, and the subsequent story of the regenerated people. It is, in truth, a political defence of Jefferson against party imputations, rather than a philosophical delineation of the man; and by far the more valuable insights which it gives into his individual character, are obtained from an examination of the extensive collection of Jefferson's letters, with which the world is already generally acquainted. To the rising generation in England, to whom the American story is less familiar, this review of the time and its patriot-great, will be found deeply interesting; and it is further valuable, for the frequent occasions it affords for entering on the discussion of first principles, and by fixing attention on an elevated and ennobling range of subjects. The Life of Jefferson, however written, must be one of those books which set men thinking—and thinking to the best of purposes. There is, moreover, a vigour and a freshness in the theme well calculated to delight and exalt an imagination, pallid with the trifling, rapid, and mawkish insipidity, which reigns over the mere literature of the present day.

*The Purgatorio of Dante.* Translated by I. C. Wright, M.A., translator of the 'Inferno.' Longman & Co.

To no name in literature do we attach more solemn recollections than to that of Dante. He belonged to times which offered subjects worthy to engage the whole attention of the grandest, of the most imaginative, and of the most philosophical of intellects. Milton, who has been compared to him, lived under the same influences as ourselves. The cycle of ages has almost brought us back to the point, in literature and political controversy, at which he left off; and it has been urged,—we, however, think unjustly,—that a mind like his, which, in the season of its power, rose above the earth by the very force

with which it marked out its path, should have shone there, like

—the steadfast star,  
That was in ocean waves yet never wet;  
But firm is fixt, and sendeth light from farre  
To all that in the wide deepe wandering are—

that he who could choose no lower theme than that which angels might have sung, should not have intermeddled in the party struggles of either faction. It must, however, be admitted by all, that in Dante's day the world was young in experiences. It was impossible then to foreknow what could or could not be accomplished by the resolute energy of a soul like his. It was the very birth-day of modern civilization—of all that is best,—or, if we may so speak,—sublimest, in the possible conceptions of the theoretical politician. For Dante, therefore, to employ himself in politics—to lend his genius to a party—to spend laborious days, and let the cares of the world determine his course of action, was not inconsistent with the most abstract, the most ethereal of his thoughts.

It is to this may be attributed the really extraordinary fact, that the political events of this great man's life seem to have had a material share in maturing his genius, and rendering it so much more fitted to bear the burden of themes essentially noble, than that of any other of the poets of his country. Petrarch, Tasso, Ariosto, would have quailed at the contemplation of the visions with which Dante held hourly communing; but, had he been tried no otherwise than they were, the nerves and sinews of his soul would most probably have been tuned to no higher note than theirs.

There is so much of historical value in the Divina Commedia—so copious a fund of those winged words which come from the depths of ages past, without losing an atom of their message to mankind, that we wonder how Dante can ever have become neglected. In a religious point of view, he exhibits the very species of excellence, the most inferior kind of which has gained popularity for a host of inferior modern writers. Bold mysticism and enthusiasm have ventured to delineate the unseen things of other worlds; they have found sympathy in the hearts of thousands, without any help from genius or eloquence. Why is it that Dante has, of late years, been known only to the more learned, and not to the more imaginative, the more mystical, or the more thoughtful? The answer will be found, not in the circumstance of his having written in a foreign language, for works essentially popular laugh at the restrictions of particular idioms; they break their swathing bands as soon as born—it will be found, not in the difficulty of some passages or remote illustrations, for common minds are not minute in their curiosity, and can pass over pages of incomprehensible matter to arrive at that which rouses and delights; the cause why Dante is not a popular poet is not to be found here, but in that concentration of thought and expression which shuts out, from ordinary minds, the glory and the life of the subject. Dante is, in this respect, the Aristotle of poets. He dipped—as it was said of the philosopher—his pen in intellect, and was satisfied to represent his thoughts in the plain, unencumbered freshness of their intellectuality. But, in all cases of this kind, a writer has to be viewed in respect not only to his language, but to his subject, and power of developing and illustrating it as a lesson to his race. The translator, therefore, of such an author may fairly ask himself whether he simply aims at making him known to the few or the many, or whether there is that in his author which, independent of some peculiar and almost untranslatable excellencies of diction, might seize upon, and rouse into thought, vast multitudes of minds. If he feel that the latter is the case, he will be warranted in adopt-

ing a much bolder style of translation than is authorized by severe canons of verbal criticism; but if he succeed—and this will depend upon his own vigour of apprehension—he need care little about what is said respecting the sacrifice of such an undertaking.

Mr. Wright has not ventured on such a hardy experiment, but he has done as much towards rendering Dante popular as a writer strictly trained in classical study, and deeply imbued with reverence for his author, would choose, perhaps, to attempt. We spoke at large of his translation of the *Inferno*, the merits of which may deservedly place it among the most successful efforts of the kind in our language. The version of the *Purgatorio*, now before us, will tend greatly to increase Mr. Wright's reputation. He has encountered the perilous task of following his original step by step; and, if we were willing to give him praise for the manner in which he expressed the sterner features of Dante, we are not less so for the skill with which he has delineated those sweeter universalities of mercy, which give beauty and pathos to the *Purgatorio*.

In the Introduction, which contains an exposition of the general plan of the poem, Mr. Wright has very properly controverted the notion that Dante had chiefly in view the defence of the doctrine of purgatory. Ingenious, however, as is the translator's argument, he has been guilty of bad logic in concluding, because Dante was an enemy to the papal government, that therefore he disbelieved the doctrines of the church, or was indifferent to their defence. There is, on the contrary, decided evidence, we think, that he was earnest in his belief of the whole system of doctrines then professed, and that, though he hated the Popes, he had thrown aside none of the principles handed down from the darker ages of theology. The vigour and reality which characterize his delineations, above those of almost every other writer, afford a sufficient answer to any suspicion of his scepticism. Mr. Wright was probably led into the observations to which we allude by a fear that the title of the poem would scare zealous Protestants from its perusal. But he need not have feared this. Dante's religion, like his politics, was as the sinews of his genius, and genius almost always sets aside the error which is particular, to bring out the confined spirit of universal truth.

The opening of the poem may be given as a good specimen both of the original design and of the translator's skill:—

O'er the smooth waters of a milder sea  
The light bark of my genius hoists her sail,  
Leaving behind the flood of misery;  
For now that second kingdom claims my song,  
Wherein is purified the spirit frail,  
And fitted to rejoice the heavenly throng.  
Wake into life the deaden'd notes again,  
O ye most holy Nine! since yours I am;  
And let Calliope exalt the strain,  
Following my verse with that extatic sound,  
Which, to the wretched Poet when it came,  
Dash'd all their hopes of pardon to the ground.  
Sweet dolours with that orient sapphire shone,  
Collected in the tranquil atmosphere,  
Far as the highest circle's purer zone,  
Enjoyment to my weary eyes restored,  
Soon as I issued from that stagnant air  
Which o'er my sight and breast such sorrow pour'd—  
The beauteous Star, to love and lovers dear,  
Was making all the orient laugh!—so bright,  
She veil'd the Pisces, who attended near,  
When to the other pole mine eyes I turn'd,  
And there beheld four planets on the right,  
By none save those in Paradise discern'd:  
Heaven seem'd to view their lustre with delight.  
O northern region, how bereav'd art thou,  
The starry splendours banish'd from thy sight!  
When from their radiance I had turn'd my head  
Back to the northern hemisphere, whence now  
The constellation of the Wain had fled—  
Near me I saw an aged man alone,  
Whose look inspired devotion more profound  
Than his father ever owed a son.  
His beard was long, and intermix'd with grey,  
Which falling with the hoary locks around,  
In double tresses on his bosom lay.  
So brightly o'er his face with heavenly light  
Did those four hallow'd stars their lustre shed,  
Methought the sun was beaming opposite.

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The opening to the second canto is still more beautiful:—

Now that horizon had the sun attain'd  
By the high point of whose meridian clear,  
Jerusalem with golden light is stain'd:  
And circling opposite to him, the night,  
Forth issuing from the Ganges, doth uprear  
The Scales, which fall when she has reach'd her height:  
So that Aurora's cheeks, where then I stood,  
Began through age an orange tint to wear—  
With white and vermilion clouds imbued.  
By ocean's shore we still prolong'd our stay.  
Like men, who, thinking of a journey near,  
Advance in thought, while yet their limbs delay:  
When lo! like Mars, in aspect fiery red,  
Seen through the vapours when the morn is nigh,  
Far in the west above the briny bed:—  
So (might I once more view it!) o'er the sea  
A light approach'd with such rapidity—  
Flies not the bird that may its equal be.

The following is in a bolder style, both of thought and expression, but equally successful:—

Remember, reader, if thou e'er hast been  
Caught in a mist upon an Alpine height,  
Through which, but as a mole does through his skin,  
Thine eye could pierce—how, when the thick moist shroud  
Begins to melt away, the solar light  
Feebly and faintly penetrates the cloud;  
And swift will thy imagination be  
To form a just conception, how the sun,  
Which now was setting, first appear'd to me.  
Thus, keeping even with my faithful guide,  
Forth from such murky cloud my way I won  
To the low shores whereon the rays had died.  
O Fancy, in whose chain we oft are bound—  
So lost to outward things we take no thought,  
Although a thousand trumpets clang around;  
What moves thee, if no impulse sense bestow?  
Light moves thee, in the clime of heaven self-wrought,  
Or by His will who sendeth it below.  
Her crime who was transform'd into the bird  
Excelling all that in the song delight:  
And so abstracted was my mind within,  
That from without was nothing seen or heard,  
Which had the power acceptance there to win.  
Into my lofty fancy then was shower'd  
One crucified, enraged and fierce to view,  
Such as in death his savage soul he pour'd.  
Round him the great Ahasuerus stood,  
Ethereal wife, and Mordecai the Jew,  
In word and deed pre-eminently good.  
And as this vision of my fancy burst,  
Like to a bubble, which hath sudden been  
Left by the water which composed it first,  
Before my sight a youthful maid arose,  
Profusely weeping, as she cried: "O queen,  
Whence came the wrathful wish thy life to close?  
To save Lavinia thou hast death incur'd,  
And lost her so:—while I, O mother! weep  
First thine, and then his fate, by thee deplored."

We do not quote these as the best, but as average specimens of the admirable translation before us. It is not, however, because they have escaped our notice, that we omit the instances of faulty rhymes which now and then deform some of Mr. Wright's best efforts; we could easily make out a case against him by adducing some proofs of apparent carelessness; but let any one, not unexperienced in verse-making or translating, try his hand on a few Dantesque difficulties, and he will at once see how great a task the present translator has accomplished. We ought also to notice, that many difficulties which belong to the work, as a poem of former days, are cleared away by the excellent Notes which close the volume.

*Memoirs of the Life of Sir Walter Scott, Bart.*  
Vol. II. Edinburgh, R. Cadell; London,  
Murray.

This volume opens with the removal to Ashetel, and the publication of the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel,' in 1804. We have, subsequently, an account of the unfortunate partnership with Ballantyne, and the consequent literary projects—a visit to Southey, and another to London—Letters from Joanna Baillie, Canning, Ellis, Wordsworth, Southey, Gifford, and others—particulars of the establishment of the *Quarterly Review*—Edinburgh theatrical anecdotes—Correspondence, &c. relating to the editions of Dryden and Swift—and a Visit to the Hebrides, thus pleasantly bringing down the narrative to 1812, when 'Rokeby' was just planned, and Abbotsford just purchased.

In the autumn of 1804 Scott became per-

sonally acquainted with Mungo Park, who then resided in his neighbourhood. The following anecdote gives us a good insight into the character of that adventurous traveller:—

"On one occasion the traveller communicated to him some very remarkable adventures which had befallen him in Africa, but which he had not recorded in his book. On Scott's asking the cause of this silence, Mungo answered, 'that in all cases where he had information to communicate, which he thought of importance to the public, he had stated the facts boldly, leaving it to his readers to give such credit to his statements as they might appear justly to deserve; but that he would not shock their faith, or render his travels more marvellous, by introducing circumstances, which, however true, were of little or no moment, as they related solely to his own personal adventures and escapes.'"

Another anecdote is worth quoting:—

"Calling one day at Fowlsheils, and not finding Park at home, Scott walked in search of him along the banks of the Yarrow, which in that neighbourhood passes over various ledges of rock, forming deep pools and eddies between them. Presently he discovered his friend standing alone on the bank, plunging one stone after another into the water, and watching anxiously the bubbles as they rose to the surface. 'This,' said Scott, 'appears but an idle amusement for one who has seen so much stirring adventure.' 'Not so idle, perhaps, as you suppose,' answered Mungo. 'This was the manner in which I used to ascertain the depth of a river in Africa before I ventured to cross it—judging whether the attempt would be safe, by the time the bubbles of air took to ascend.' At this time Park's intention of a second expedition had never been revealed to Scott; but he instantly formed the opinion that these experiments on Yarrow were connected with some such purpose."

Many interesting particulars are scattered throughout this work relating to Scott's literary labours. Here is one relating to his literary habits, which it may be wise to give currency to:—

"It had been his custom, whenever professional business or social engagements occupied the middle part of his day, to seize some hours for study after he was supposed to have retired to bed. His physician suggested that this was very likely to aggravate his nervous headaches, the only malady he was subject to in the prime of his manhood; and, contemplating with steady eye a course not only of unremitting but of increasing industry, he resolved to reverse his plan, and carried his purpose into execution with unflinching energy. In short, he had now adopted the habits in which, with very slender variation, he ever after persevered when in the country. He rose by five o'clock, lit his own fire when the season required one, and shaved and dressed with great deliberation—for he was a very martinet as to all but the mere coxcombries of the toilet, not abhorring effeminate dandyism itself so cordially as the slightest approach to personal slovenliness, or even those 'bed-gown and slipper tricks,' as he called them, in which literary men are so apt to indulge. Arrayed in his shooting-jacket, or whatever dress he meant to use till dinner time, he was seated at his desk by six o'clock, all his papers arranged before him in the most accurate order, and his books of reference marshalled around him on the floor, while at least one favourite dog lay watching his eye just beyond the line of circumvallation. Thus, by the time the family assembled for breakfast between nine and ten, he had done enough (in his own language) 'to break the neck of the day's work.' After breakfast a couple of hours more were given to his solitary tasks, and by noon he was, as he used to say, 'his own man.' When the weather was bad he would labour incessantly all the morning; but the general rule was to be out on horseback by one o'clock at the latest; while, if any more distant excursion had been proposed over night, he was ready to start on it by ten; his occasional rainy days of uninterrupted study forming, as he said, a fund in his favour, out of which he was entitled to draw for accommodation whenever the sun shone with special brightness."

In a letter to Miss Seward, Scott gives an

able and honest summary on the controversy respecting Ossian:—

"Ossian's poems have more charms for youth than for a more advanced stage. The eternal repetition of the same ideas and imagery, however beautiful in themselves, is apt to pall upon a reader whose taste has become somewhat fastidious; and, although I agree entirely with you that the question of their authenticity ought not to be confounded with that of their literary merit, yet scepticism on that head takes away their claim for indulgence as the productions of a barbarous and remote age; and, what is perhaps more natural, it destroys that feeling of reality which we should otherwise combine with our sentiments of admiration. As for the great dispute, I should be no Scottishman if I had not very attentively considered it at some period of my studies; and, indeed, I have gone some lengths in my researches, for I have beside me translations of some twenty or thirty of the unquestioned originals of Ossian's poems. After making every allowance for the disadvantages of a literal translation, and the possible debasement which those *now* collected may have suffered in the great and violent change which the Highlands have undergone since the researches of Macpherson, I am compelled to admit that incalculably the greater part of the English Ossian must be ascribed to Macpherson himself, and that his whole introductions, notes, &c. &c. are an absolute tissue of forgeries."

"In all the ballads I ever saw or could hear of, Fin and Ossian are described as natives of Ireland, although it is not unusual for the reciters sturdily to maintain that this is a corruption of the text. In point of merit I do not think these Gaelic poems much better than those of the Scandinavian Scalds; they are very unequal, often very vigorous and pointed, often drivelling and crawling in the very extremity of tenuity. The manners of the heroes are those of Celtic savages; and I could point out twenty instances in which Macpherson has very cunningly adopted the beginning, the names, and the leading incidents, &c. of an old tale, and dressed it up with all those ornaments of sentiment and sentimental manners, which first excite our surprise, and afterwards our doubt of its authenticity. The Highlanders themselves, recognising the leading features of tales they had heard in infancy, with here and there a tirade really taken from an old poem, were readily seduced into becoming champions for the authenticity of the poems. How many people, not particularly addicted to poetry, who may have heard Chevy-Chase in the nursery or at school, and never since met with the ballad, might be imposed upon by a new Chevy-Chase, bearing no resemblance to the old one, save in here and there a stanza or an incident? Besides, there is something in the severe judgment passed on my countrymen—that if they do not prefer Scotland to truth, they will always prefer it to enquiry. When once the Highlanders had adopted the poems of Ossian as an article of national faith, you would far sooner have got them to disavow the Scripture than to abandon a line of the contested tales. Only they all allow that Macpherson's translation is very unfaithful, and some pretend to say inferior to the original; by which they can only mean, if they mean anything, that they miss the charms of the rhythm and vernacular idiom, which pleases the Gaelic natives; for in the real attributes of poetry Macpherson's version is far superior to any I ever saw of the fragments which he seems to have used."

"The Highland Society have lately set about investigating, or rather, I should say, collecting materials to defend, the authenticity of Ossian. Those researches have only proved that there were no real originals—using that word as is commonly understood—to be found for them. The oldest tale they have found seems to be that of Darthula; but it is perfectly different, both in diction and story, from that of Macpherson. It is, however, a beautiful specimen of Celtic poetry, and shows that it contains much which is worthy of preservation. Indeed, how should it be otherwise, when we know that, till about fifty years ago, the Highlands contained a race of hereditary poets? Is it possible to think, that, among perhaps many hundreds, who for such a course of centuries have founded their reputation and rank on practising the art of poetry in a country where the scenery and manners gave such effect and inter-

est and imagery to their productions, there should not have been some who attained excellence?"

We may appropriately continue with Wordsworth's criticism on Dryden:—

"I was much pleased to hear of your engagement with Dryden: not that he is, as a poet, any great favourite of mine: I admire his talents and genius highly, but his is not a poetical genius. The only qualities I can find in Dryden that are essentially poetical, are a certain ardour and impetuosity of mind, with an excellent ear. It may seem strange that I do not add to this, great command of language. That he certainly has, and of such language, too, as it is most desirable that a poet should possess, or rather that he should not be without. But it is not language that is, in the highest sense of the word, poetical, being neither of the imagination nor of the passions; I mean the amiable, the ennobling, or the intense passions. I do not mean to say that there is nothing of this in Dryden, but as little, I think, as is possible, considering how much he has written. You will easily understand my meaning, when I refer to his versification of Palamon and Arcite, as contrasted with the language of Chaucer. Dryden had neither a tender heart nor a lofty sense of moral dignity. Whenever his language is poetically impassioned, it is mostly upon unpleasing subjects, such as the follies, vices, and crimes of classes of men or of individuals. That his cannot be the language of imagination, must have necessarily followed from this—that there is not a single image from nature in the whole body of his works; and in his translation from Virgil, wherever Virgil can be fairly said to have had his eye upon his object, Dryden always spoils the passage."

In the admirable Letters on Copyright which we had lately the honour to publish, Mr. Hood alluded to the relative profits of authors and booksellers. On this subject Sir Walter observes:—

"Without any greater degree of *fourberie* than they conceive the long practice of their brethren has rendered matter of prescriptive right, they contrive to clip the author's proportion of profits down to a mere trifle. It is the tale of the fox that went a hunting with the lion, upon condition of equal division of the spoil; and yet I do not quite blame the booksellers, when I consider the very singular nature of their *mystery*. A butcher generally understands something of black cattle, and wo betide the jockey who should presume to exercise his profession without a competent knowledge of horse-flesh. But who ever heard of a bookseller pretending to understand the commodity in which he dealt? They are the only tradesmen in the world who professedly, and by choice, deal in what is called 'a pig in a poke.' When you consider the abominable trash which, by their sheer ignorance, is published every year, you will readily excuse them for the indemnification which they must necessarily obtain at the expense of authors of some value. In fact, though the account between an individual bookseller and such a man as Southey may be iniquitous enough, yet I apprehend that upon the whole the account between the trade and the authors of Britain at large is pretty fairly balanced; and what these gentlemen gain at the expense of one class of writers, is lavished, in many cases, in bringing forward other works of little value. I do not know but this, upon the whole, is favourable to the cause of literature. A bookseller publishes twenty books, in hopes of hitting upon one good speculation, as a person buys a parcel of shares in a lottery, in hopes of gaining a prize. Thus the road is open to all, and if the successful candidate is a little floored, in order to form petty prizes to console the losing adventurers, still the cause of literature is benefited, since none is excluded from the privilege of competition."

Here is an anecdote, mentioned by Mr. Morritt, which tells well for Scott:—

"When we approached that village," says the Memorandum with which Mr. Morritt favours me, "Scott, who had laid hold of my arm, turned along the road in a direction not leading to the place where the carriage was to meet us. After walking some minutes towards Edinburgh, I suggested that we were losing the scenery of the Esk, and, besides, had Dalkeith Palace yet to see. 'Yes,' said he, 'and I

have been bringing you where there is little enough to be seen—only that Scotch cottage (one by the road side, with a small garth); but, though not worth looking at, I could not pass it. It was our first country house when newly married, and many a contrivance we had to make it comfortable. I made a dining-table for it with my own hands. Look at these two miserable willow-trees on either side the gate into the enclosure; they are tied together at the top to be an arch, and a cross made of two sticks over them is not yet decayed. To be sure it is not much of a lion to show a stranger; but I wanted to see it again myself, for I assure you that after I had constructed it, *mamma* (Mrs. Scott) and I both of us thought it so fine, we turned out to see it by moonlight, and walked backwards from it to the cottage door, in admiration of our own magnificence and its picturesque effect. I did want to see if it was still there—so now we will look after the barouche, and make the best of our way to Dalkeith."

On the subject of education Scott surely deserves to be listened to with respectful attention:

"He was not one of those who take much delight in a mere infant; but no father ever devoted more time and tender care to his offspring than he did to each of his, as they successively reached the age when they could listen to him and understand his talk. Like their mute playmates, Camp and the greyhounds, they had at all times free access to his study; he never considered their tattle as any disturbance; they went and came as pleased their fancy; he was always ready to answer their questions; and when they, unconscious how he was engaged, entreated him to lay down his pen and tell them a story, he would take them on his knee, repeat a ballad or a legend, kiss them, and set them down again to their marbles or ninepins, and resume his labour as if refreshed by the interruption. From a very early age he made them dine at table, and 'to sit up to supper' was the great reward when they had been 'very good bairns.' In short, he considered it as the highest duty as well as the sweetest pleasure of a parent to be the companion of his children; he partook all their little joys and sorrows, and made his kind informal instructions to blend so easily and playfully with the current of their own sayings and doings, that so far from regarding him with any distant awe, it was never thought that any sport or diversion could go on in the right way, unless *papa* were of the party, or that the rainiest day could be dull so he were at home."

"Of the irregularity of his own education he speaks with considerable regret, in the autobiographical fragment written this year at Ashestiel; yet his practice does not look as if that feeling had been strongly rooted in his mind;—for he never did show much concern about regulating systematically what is usually called education in the case of his own children. It seemed, on the contrary, as if he attached little importance to any thing else, so he could perceive that the young curiosity was excited—the intellect, by whatever springs of interest, set in motion. He detested and despised the whole generation of modern children's books, in which the attempt is made to convey accurate notions of scientific minutiae: delighting cordially, on the other hand, in those of the preceding age, which, addressing themselves chiefly to the imagination, obtain through it, as he believed, the best chance of stirring our graver faculties also."

Of London society he gives his opinion in the following letter to Joanna Baillie:—

"I don't believe I shall see London this great while again, which I do not very much regret, were it not that it postpones the pleasure of seeing you and about half-a-dozen other friends. Without having any of the cant of loving retirement, and solitude, and rural pleasures, and so forth, I really have no great pleasure in the general society of London; I have never been there long enough to attempt anything like living in my own way, and the immense length of the streets separates the objects you are interested in so widely from each other, that three parts of your time are past in endeavouring to dispose of the fourth to some advantage. At Edinburgh, although in general society we are absolute mimics of London, and imitate them equally in late hours, and in the strange precipitation with which

we hurry from one place to another, in search of the society which we never sit still to enjoy, yet still people may manage their own parties and motions their own way. But all this is limited to my own particular circumstances,—for in a city like London, the constant resident has beyond all other places the power of conducting himself exactly as he likes. Whether this is entirely to be wished or not may indeed be doubted. I have seldom felt myself so fastidious about books, as in the midst of a large library, where one is naturally tempted to imitate the egregious epicure who condescended to take only one bite out of the sunny side of a peach. I suspect something of scarcity is necessary to make you devour the intellectual banquet with a good relish and digestion, as we know to be the case with respect to corporeal sustenance."

Of Professor Wilson, then a young and unknown man, Scott speaks thus prophetically:—

"The author of the elegy upon poor Grahame, is John Wilson, a young man of very considerable poetical powers. He is now engaged in a poem called the *Isle of Palms*, something in the style of Southey. He is an eccentric genius, and has fixed himself upon the banks of Windermere, but occasionally resides in Edinburgh, where he now is. Perhaps you have seen him; his father was a wealthy Paisley manufacturer—his mother a sister of Robert Sym. He seems an excellent, warm-hearted, and enthusiastic young man; something too much, perhaps, of the latter quality, places him among the list of originals."

*Athens—its Rise and Fall; with views of the Literature, Philosophy, and Social Life of the Athenian People.* By Edward Lytton Bulwer, Esq., M.P., M.A.

(Second Notice.)

HUMANITY might be forgiven, if it felt something of regret when Science first robbed the rainbow of its mystery. What Science was to the rainbow and all its beautiful illusions, Criticism has been to the history of the two Persian wars. It has shown the countless myriads of Xerxes to be dreamy exaggerations, and his bands of Immortals, hordes of despicable slaves. Yet can we not blame Mr. Bulwer for preferring the picturesque narrative of Herodotus to the cold investigations of subsequent writers. And, after all reasonable abatements have been made, the triumph of Athens still remains a victory without parallel; the more or the less, is a question of little importance, for the very least statement of the forces that despotism marshalled in this contest against civilization suffices to prove the invincible strength of freedom.

One word in defence of the Father of History may be allowed us. He was misled by his authorities; he viewed eastern documents with a western judgment—an error too frequently repeated, even in our own days, for us to pass a severe censure on Herodotus. The system of levying armies in Asia, from the earliest period to which tradition reaches, down to the present hour, has undergone little alteration. It is a simple process: all the male population, in every district through which the royal forces pass, must swell their ranks; the names of these soldiers are kept on the muster-roll, though most of them take the earliest opportunity of deserting; for, by a convenient Oriental fiction, it is presumed that no one ever abandons the royal standard. We have been assured, that in the recent wars between Russia and Persia the paper account of Abbas Mirza's forces was always ten times greater than the number of men actually under his command. In his march from the banks of the Tigris to the shores of the Hellespont, Xerxes collected crowds of conscripts from every country through which he passed;—

He counted them at break of day,  
But when the sun set where were they?

Herodotus appears to have founded his statements on the returns of the Persians; but these



contained the numbers that had been enlisted, not of those actually in the field.

The internal policy of Athens, and the struggle of parties in the republic, though less exciting topics than the Persian wars, have been long and studiously misrepresented. Mr. Thirlwall, indeed, has corrected many errors, and Mr. Bulwer some others, but much remains yet to be explained before we can thoroughly appreciate the character of "the king people." The constitution established by Solon was a "Timocracy"—that is, property was made the basis of political power; but, as the qualification both for votes and office was fixed at a low rate, the form of government might fairly be described by the modern phrase, "a monarchy of the middle classes." A section of the aristocracy adhered to this constitution, but they were opposed by the partisans of the oligarchy, who represented the landed interest of Attica. The contest between the commercial and agricultural interests was identical with the struggle between the timocracy and the oligarchy—Themistocles patronized the former, and Aristides the latter. The rapid growth of mercantile wealth soon added additional strength to the middle classes, so that the oligarchy had no chance of success unless they could ally themselves with a new power. From the middle classes, they turned to the lowest; and it was Aristides himself, the hero of the aristocratic party, who proposed and carried the abolition of all qualifications of property, both for the electors and the elected. This was just such a proceeding as if the proprietors of the rotten boroughs had introduced Universal Suffrage rather than consent to reform in Parliament. On this change Mr. Bulwer justly says;—

"It may be ever remarked, that the people value more a concession from the aristocratic party, than a boon from their own popular leaders. The last can never equal, and the first can so easily exceed, the public expectation."

Cimon followed the policy of Aristides in securing to the oligarchy the support of the *proletaires*. Plutarch informs us:—"He ordered the fences of his fields and gardens to be thrown down, that strangers, as well as his own countrymen, might freely partake of his fruit. He had a supper provided at his house every day, in which the dishes were plain, but sufficient for a multitude of guests. Every poor citizen repaired to it at pleasure, and had his diet without care or trouble; by which means he was enabled to give proper attention to public affairs."

"Proper attention" means, of course, that they gave their votes to their wealthy host, and sold their birthrights for the mess of pottage. Mr. Bulwer says,—

"It may be doubted whether Cimon did not, far more than any of his predecessors, increase the dangers of a democracy, by vulgarizing its spirit. The system of general aims and open tables, had the effect that the abuses of the Poor Laws have had with us. It accustomed the native poor to the habits of indolent paupers, and what at first was charity soon took the aspect of a right. Hence much of the lazy turbulence, and much of that licentious spirit of exaction from the wealthy, that in a succeeding age characterized the mobs of Athens. So does that servile generosity, common to an anti-popular party, when it affects kindness in order to prevent concession, ultimately operate against its own secret schemes. And so much less really dangerous is it to exalt, by constitutional enactments, the authority of a people, than to pamper, by the electioneering cajoleries of a selfish ambition, the prejudices which thus settle into vices, or the momentary exigencies thus fixed into permanent demands."

The banishment of Themistocles, the confiscation of his property under pretence of his having favoured the treason of Pausanias, and

the persecution that drove him to seek refuge in the court of Persia, were the immediate results of the alliance between the oligarchy and the populace. Mr. Mitford makes these events the ground for a multitude of reproaches against democratical despotism; but it is unreasonable to make democracy answerable for the sins of the aristocracy in addition to its own.

Cimon himself was subsequently ostracized; his earnest desire to restore the old aristocratic supremacy led him into intrigues with the Spartans, which, if not criminal, were certainly suspicious. We need not defend this sentence further than to say, that Cimon's open determination "to revive such an aristocracy as had been established under Clisthenes," and his connexion with a state all but openly hostile, render this one of the most justifiable cases in which the ostracism was ever exercised. And we may add, that the ostracism was the instrument most commonly used by the aristocratic factions, and that it fell into disuse during the prosperous days of the democracy.

The brilliant administration of Pericles would require for its examination ampler space than we can command, and we shall therefore turn to Mr. Bulwer's account of the two great tragic poets, Æschylus and Sophocles; for, as he justly remarks, "it was her poetry at this period that made the individuality of Athens."

The nature of the difference between these great dramatists arises from the circumstances under which both minds were formed. In the youth of Æschylus the world knew no repose; Asia was hurled on Europe—a struggle gigantic in its means, its influences, and its ends, absorbed every feeling, and the poet's mind reflected the massive greatness of everything around—terror and triumph, glory and despair. Sophocles appeared on the stage when the victory was won—when "the wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds," had given place to a tranquil atmosphere and blooming earth. The softer emotions soothed the sternness of the strong passions excited in the former period, and beauty mingled with sublimity. Sophocles was the more popular poet in his own day, because he was the truest representative of the mind of his age. Mr. Bulwer has examined the relative claims of these poets, in the closet and on the stage, with considerable skill:—

"In the contrast between the 'Philoctetes' and the 'Prometheus' is condensed the contrast between Æschylus and Sophocles. They are both poets of the highest conceivable order; but the one seems almost above appeal to our affections—his tempestuous gloom appeals the imagination, the vivid glare of his thoughts pierces the innermost recesses of the intellect, but it is only by accident that he strikes upon the heart. The other, in his grandest flights, remembers that men make his audience, and seems to feel as if Art lost the breath of its life when aspiring beyond the atmosphere of human intellect and human passions. The difference between the creations of Æschylus and Sophocles is like the difference between the Satan of Milton and the Macbeth of Shakespeare. Æschylus is equally artful with Sophocles—it is the criticism of ignorance that has said otherwise. But there is this wide distinction—Æschylus is artful as a dramatist to be read, Sophocles as a dramatist to be acted. If we get rid of actors, and stage, and audience, Æschylus will thrill and move us, no less than Sophocles, through a more intellectual or less passionate medium. A poem may be dramatic, yet not theatrical—may have all the effects of the drama in person, but by not sufficiently enlisting the skill of the actor—nay, by soaring beyond the highest reach of histrionic capacities, may lose those effects in representation."

Before we leave these volumes we must notice with praise, that though Mr. Bulwer illustrates ancient policy by modern instances, he avoids every manifestation of party spirit, and views such matters rather as a philosopher than a poli-

tician. His chief error is, a love of elaborating his descriptions—a too sedulous cultivation of the mere ornaments of style. We could point out many passages which would have been better if left in their original simplicity, for the additions are clearly distinguishable.

*Colonel Crockett's Exploits and Adventures in Texas.* Written by himself. Philadelphia, Collins; London, Kennett.

COLONEL Crockett's name had been sounded from Cape Codd to the Mississippi; he had figured in person or by representative from the Hall of Congress to the Barn of the stroller, and been quoted and commented on in the *Athenæum*, when it pleased Mr. Murray to re-publish his 'Eccentricities,' and lo! he was at once the admired of all beholders, and under the especial patronage of the laughter-loving English public. The Colonel was astonished at his own widespread fame and popularity, and thus comments on it in the opening of the work before us:—

"It is a true saying that no one knows the luck of a lousy calf, for though in a country where, according to the Declaration of Independence, the people are all born free and equal, those who have a propensity to go ahead may aim at the highest honours, and they may ultimately reach them too, though they start at the lowest rowel of the ladder,—still it is a huckleberry above my persimmon to cipher out how it is with six months' schooling only, I, David Crockett, find myself the most popular book-maker of the day; and such is the demand for my works that I cannot write them half fast enough, no how I can fix it. \* \* \*

"I have been told that there was one Shakspeare more than two hundred years ago, who was brought up a hostler, but finding it a dull business, took to writing plays, and made as great a stir in his time as I do at present; which will go to show, that one ounce of the genuine horse sense is worth a pound of your book learning any day, and if a man is only determined to go ahead, the more kicks he receives in his breech the faster he will get on his journey."

Here however is the last work we can have from the pen of this rival of the Swan of Avon; for the Colonel, whose appetite for politics was, he confesses, at one time "as sharp set as a saw mill," having set himself in opposition to the President and the "Little Flying Dutchman," as he calls Van Buren, and lost his election, determined "to cut and quit the States until such time as honest and independent men should again work their way to the head of the heap," and to join the Texans, which he did, and was killed at San Antonio in the last spring. Tempted by fame or the booksellers, it appears that before he left Tennessee he had resolved to keep a Journal, and the MS. before us was found among his baggage after his death. How far all this is true we must leave the reader to determine, but the book is a pleasant book in its way, and gives us an insight into life in the far South West. Here is an account of the Colonel's first election, which, as he says, will show how they manage these things on the frontiers:—

"Well, I started off to the Cross Roads, dressed in my hunting shirt, and my rifle on my shoulder. Many of our constituents had assembled there to get a taste of the quality of the candidates for orating. Job Snelling, a gander-shanked Yankee, who had been caught somewhere about Plymouth Bay, and been shipped to the west with a cargo of cod fish and rem, erected a large shantee, and set up shop for the occasion. A large posse of the voters had assembled before I arrived, and my opponent had already made considerable headway with his speechifying and his treating, when they spied me about a rifle shot from the camp, sauntering along as if I was not a party in the business. 'There comes Crockett,' cried one. 'Let us hear the colonel,' cried another, and so I mounted the stump that had been cut down

for the occasion, and began to bushwhack in the most approved style.

"I had not been up long before there was such an uproar in the crowd that I could not hear my own voice, and some of my constituents let me know, that they could not listen to me on such a dry subject as the welfare of the nation, until they had something to drink, and that I must treat 'em. Accordingly I jumped down from the rostrum, and led the way to the shantee, followed by my constituents, shouting, 'Huzza for Crockett,' and 'Crockett for ever!'"

"When we entered the shantee, Job was busy dealing out his rum in a style that showed he was making a good day's work of it, and I called for a quart of the best, but the crooked critter returned no other answer than by pointing to a board over the bar, on which he had chalked in large letters, '*Pay to-day and trust to-morrow.*' Now that idea brought me all up standing; it was a sort of cornering in which there was no back out, for ready money in the west, in those times, was the shyest thing in all nature, and it was most particularly shy with me on that occasion.

"The voters, seeing my predicament, fell off to the other side, and I was left deserted and alone, as the Government will be, when he no longer has any offices to bestow. I saw, plain as day, that the tide of popular opinion was against me, and that, unless I got some rum speedily, I should lose my election as sure as there are snakes in Virginy—and it must be done soon, or even burnt brandy wouldn't save me. So I walked away from the shantee, but in another guess sort from the way I entered it, for on this occasion I had no train after me, and not a voice shouted 'Huzza for Crockett.' Popularity sometimes depends on a very small matter indeed; in this particular it was worth a quart of New England rum, and no more.

"Well, knowing that a crisis was at hand, I struck into the woods with my rifle on my shoulder, my best friend in time of need, and, as good fortune would have it, I had not been out more than a quarter of an hour before I treed a fat coon, and in the pulling of a trigger he lay dead at the root of the tree. I soon whipped his hairy jacket off his back, and again bent my way towards the shantee, and walked up to the bar, but not alone, for this time I had half a dozen of my constituents at my heels. I threw down the coon skin upon the counter, and called for a quart, and Job, though busy in dealing out rum, forgot to point at his chalked rules and regulations, for he knew that a coon was as good a legal tender for a quart, in the west, as a New York shilling, any day in the year.

"My constituents now flocked about me, and cried 'Huzza for Crockett,' 'Crockett for ever,' and finding that the tide had taken a turn, I told them several yams, to get them in a good humour, and having soon despatched the value of the coon, I went out and mounted the stump, without opposition, and a clear majority of the voters followed me to hear what I had to offer for the good of the nation. Before I was half through, one of my constituents moved that they would hear the balance of my speech, after they had washed down the first part with some more of Job Snelling's extract of cornstalk and molasses, and the question being put, it was carried unanimously. It wasn't considered necessary to call the yeas and nays, so we adjourned to the shantee, and on the way I began to reckon that the fate of the nation pretty much depended upon my shooting another coon.

"While standing at the bar, feeling sort of bashful while Job's rules and regulations stared me in the face, I cast down my eyes, and discovered one end of the coon skin sticking between the logs that supported the bar. Job had slung it there in the hurry of business. I gave it a sort of quick jerk, and it followed my hand as natural as if I had been the rightful owner. I slapped it on the counter, and Job, little dreaming that he was barking up the wrong tree, shoved along another bottle, which my constituents quickly disposed of with great good humour, for some of them saw the trick, and then we withdrew to the rostrum to discuss the affairs of the nation.

"I don't know how it was, but the voters soon became dry again, and nothing would do but we

must adjourn to the shantee, and as luck would have it, the coon skin was still sticking between the logs, as if Job had flung it there on purpose to tempt me. I was not slow in raising it to the counter, and the rum followed of course, and I wish I may be shot if I didn't, before the day was over, get ten quarts for the same identical skin, and from a fellow too who, in those parts, was considered as sharp as a steel trap, and as bright as a pewter button.

"This joke secured me my election, for it soon circulated like smoke among my constituents, and they allowed, with one accord, that the man who could get the whip-hand of Job Snelling in fair trade could outwit Old Nick himself, and was the real grit for them in Congress. \* \*

"The way I got to the blind side of the Yankee merchant was pretty generally known before the election day, and the result was, that my opponent might as well have whistled jigs to a milestone as attempt to beat up for votes in that district. I beat him out and out, quite back into the old year, and there was scarce enough left of him, after the canvass was over, to make a small grease pot. He disappeared without even leaving as much as a mark behind. \* \*

"After the election was over, I sent Snelling the price of the rum, but took good care to keep the fact from the knowledge of my constituents. Job refused the money, and sent me word, that it did him good to be taken in occasionally, as it served to brighten his ideas; but I afterwards learnt that when he found out the trick that had been played upon him, he put all the rum I had ordered in his bill against my opponent, who, being elated with the speeches he had made on the affairs of the nation, could not descend to examine into the particulars of the bill of a vender of rum in the small way."

But "the Government" and the Little Flying Dutchman were too strong for him at the last election:—

"Andrew Jackson," he observes, "was, during my election canvass, franking the extra Globe with a prospectus in it to every post office in this district, and upon one occasion he had my mileage and pay as a member drawn up and sent to this district, to one of his minions, to have it published just a few days before the election. This is what I call small potatoes and few of a hill. He stated that I had charged mileage for one thousand miles, and that it was but seven hundred and fifty miles, and held out the idea that I had taken pay for the same mileage that Mr. Fitzgerald had taken, when it was well known that he charged thirteen hundred miles from here to Washington, and he and myself both live in the same county. It is somewhat remarkable how this fact should have escaped the keen eye of 'the Government.'"

"The General's pet, Mr. Grundy, charged for one thousand miles from Nashville to Washington, and it was sanctioned by the legislature, I suppose because he would huzza! for Jackson; and because I think proper to refrain from huzzaing until he goes out of office, when I shall give a screamer, that will be heard from the Mississippi to the Atlantic, or my name's not Crockett."

The Colonel confesses that he "felt a sort of cast down" at this, and that it made him poetical. "I never," he says, "tried my hand at that sort of writing, but on this particular occasion such was my state of feeling, that I began to fancy myself inspired; so I took pen in hand, and as usual I went ahead. When I had got fairly through, my poetry looked as zigzag as a worm fence; the lines wouldn't tally, no how; so I showed them to Peleg Longfellow, who has a first-rate reputation with us for that sort of writing, having some years ago made a carrier's address for the Nashville Banner, and Peleg lopped off some lines, and stretched out others; but I rather think he has made it worse than it was when I placed it in his hands." Yet according to the Colonel's report nothing but the dollars and the mileage can recompense a man for sitting in Congress.

"Some men, it seems, take a pride in saying a great deal about nothing—like windmills, their

tongues must be going whether they have any grain to grind or not. This is all very well in Congress, where every member is expected to make a speech to let his constituents know that some things can be done as well as others; but I set it down as being rather an imposition upon good nature to be compelled to listen, without receiving the consideration of eight dollars per day, besides mileage, as we do in Congress. Many members will do nothing else for their pay but listen, day in and day out, and they earn every penny of it, provided they don't sleep. \* \* No man who has not tried it can imagine what dreadful hard work it is to listen. Splitting gum logs in the dog days is child's play to it. I've tried both, and give the preference to the gum logs."

The patriotic citizens of Little Rock, hearing of the Colonel's arrival, resolve to give him a dinner; and he in return favours all political aspirants with a few words of parting advice; they may be found serviceable even on this side the Atlantic:—

"When the day of election approaches, visit your constituents far and wide. Treat liberally, and drink freely, in order to rise in their estimation, though you fall in your own. True, you may be called a drunken dog by some of the clean shirt and silk stocking gentry, but the real rough necks will style you a jovial fellow,—their votes are certain, and frequently count double. Do all you can to appear to advantage in the eyes of the women. That's easily done—you have but to kiss and slapper their children, wipe their noses, and pat them on the head; this cannot fail to please their mothers, and you may rely on your business being done in that quarter."

"Promise all that is asked," said I, "and more if you can think of anything. Offer to build a bridge or a church, to divide a country, create a batch of new offices, make a turnpike, or anything they like. Promises cost nothing, therefore deny nobody who has a vote or sufficient influence to obtain one."

"Get up on all occasions, and sometimes on no occasion at all, and make long-winded speeches, though composed of nothing else than wind—talk of your devotion to your country, your modesty and disinterestedness, or on any such fanciful subject. Rail against taxes of all kinds, office holders, and bad harvest weather; and wind up with a flourish about the heroes who fought and bled for our liberties in the times that tried men's souls. \* \*

"If any charity be going forward, be at the top of it, provided it is to be advertised publicly; if not, it isn't worth your while. \* \*

"These few directions, if properly attended to, will do your business; and when once elected, why a fig for the dirty children, the promises, the bridges, the churches, the taxes, the offices, and the subscriptions, for it is absolutely necessary to forget all these before you can become a thorough-going politician, and a patriot of the first water."

The Colonel however was not to be diverted from his purpose either by dinners or oratory; he had resolved to proceed for Texas, and, as he says, "you might as well have attempted to twist a streak of lightning into a true lover's knot as to stop him." On his route he picks up some pleasant companions;—a fine original travelling parson, who wanders over the wild country in a sulky, selling tracts, preaching sermons, and enlivening the solitary woods with an occasional tune on the fiddle—the Colonel stumbled upon him more than once—here is an account of their meeting at the Washita river:—

"As we drew nigh to the Washita, the silence was broken alone by our own talk and the clattering of our horses' hoofs; and we imagined ourselves pretty much the only travellers, when we were suddenly somewhat startled by the sound of music. We checked our horses, and listened, and the music continued. 'What can all that mean?' says I. We listened again, and we now heard, 'Hail, Columbia, happy land!' played in first-rate style. 'That's fine,' says I. 'Fine as silk, Colonel, and little finer,' says the other; 'but hark, the tune's changed.' We took another spell of listening, and now the mu-

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nician struck up, in a brisk and lively manner, 'Over the water to Charley.' 'That's mighty mysterious,' says one: 'Can't cipher it out no-how,' says another: 'A notch beyant my measure,' says a third. 'Then let us go ahead,' says I, and off we dashed at a pretty rapid gait, I tell you—by no means slow.

"As we approached the river we saw to the right of the road a new clearing on a hill, where several men were at work, and they running down the hill like wild Indians, or rather like the office holders in pursuit of the depositories. There appeared to be no time to be lost, so they ran, and we cut ahead for the crossing. The music continued all this time stronger and stronger, and the very notes appeared to speak distinctly, 'Over the water to Charley.'

"When we reached the crossing we were struck all of a heap at beholding a man seated in a sulky in the middle of the river, and playing for life on a fiddle. The horse was up to his middle in the water; and it seemed as if the flimsy vehicle was ready to be swept away by the current. Still the fiddler fiddled on composedly, as if his life had been insured, and he was nothing more than a passenger. We thought he was mad, and shouted to him. He heard us, and stopped his music. 'You have missed the crossing,' shouted one of the men from the clearing. 'I know I have,' returned the fiddler. 'If you go ten feet farther you will be drowned.' 'I know I shall,' returned the fiddler. 'Turn back,' said the man. 'I can't,' said the other. 'Then how the devil will you get out?' 'I'm sure I don't know.'

"The men from the clearing, who understood the river, took our horses and rode up to the sulky, and after some difficulty, succeeded in bringing the traveller safe to shore, when we recognised the worthy person who had fiddled for us at the puppet show at Little Rock. They told him that he had had a narrow escape, and he replied, that he had found that out an hour ago. He said he had been fiddling to the fishes for a full hour, and had exhausted all the tunes that he could play without notes. We then asked him what could have induced him to think of fiddling at a time of such peril; and he replied, that he had remarked in his progress through life, that there was nothing in universal nature so well calculated to draw people together as the sound of a fiddle; and he knew, that he might bawl until he was hoarse for assistance, and no one would stir a peg; but they would no sooner hear the scraping of his catgut, than they would quit all other business, and come to the spot in flocks."

The Bee-hunter is another well-drawn character, with a fine dash of romance about him; but we cousin most kindly to Thimberlig. The Colonel met with him in the steam-boat running from Fulton to Natchitoches.

"I saw a small cluster of passengers at one end of the boat, and hearing an occasional burst of laughter, thinks I, there's some sport started in that quarter, and, having nothing better to do, I'll go in for my share of it. Accordingly I drew nigh to the cluster, and seated on a chest was a tall lank sea serpent looking blackleg, who had crawled over from Natchez under the hill, and was amusing the passengers with his skill at thimberlig; at the same time he was picking up their shillings just about as expeditiously as a hungry gobbler would a pint of corn. He was doing what might be called an average business in a small way, and lost no time in gathering up the fragments. \* \*

"I stood looking on, seeing him pick up the chicken feed from the green horns, and thought if men are such darned fools as to be cheated out of their hard earnings by a fellow who had just brains enough to pass a pea from one thimble to another, with such slight of hand that you could not tell under which he had deposited it, it is not astonishing that the magician of Kinderhook should play thimberlig upon the big figure, and attempt to cheat the whole nation. I thought that 'the Government' was playing the same game with the depositories, and with such address, too, that before long it will be a hard matter to find them under any of the thimbles where it is supposed they have been originally placed.

"The thimble conjuror saw me looking on, and eyeing me as if he thought I would be a good sub-

ject, said carelessly, 'Come, stranger, won't you take a chance?' the whole time passing the pea from one thimble to the other, by way of throwing out a bait for the gudgeons to bite at. 'I never gamble, stranger,' says I, 'principled against it; think it a slippery way of getting through the world at best.' 'There are my sentiments to a notch,' says he; 'but this is not gambling by no means. A little innocent pastime, nothing more.'

The Colonel was proof against his eloquence, and so set his face against gambling that Thimberlig could find no more customers. The Colonel indeed so won upon the poor fellow himself that he in the end resolved "to live honestly or die bravely," and accompany the patriot to the Texas.

"He belonged (says the Colonel) to that numerous class, that it is perfectly safe to trust as far as a tailor can sling a bull by the tail—but no farther. He told me that he had been brought up a gentleman; that is to say, he was not instructed in any useful pursuit by which he could obtain a livelihood, so that when he found he had to depend upon himself for the necessities of life, he began to suspect, that dame nature would have conferred a particular favour if she had consigned him to the care of any one else.

"The first bright idea that occurred to him as a speedy means of bettering his fortune, would be to marry an heiress. Accordingly he looked about himself pretty sharp, and after glancing from one fair object to another, finally his hawk's eye rested upon the young and pretty daughter of a wealthy planter.

"Our worthy had the principle of going ahead strongly developed. He was possessed of considerable address, and had brass enough in his face to make a wash-kettle; and having once got access to the planter's house, it was no easy matter to dislodge him. In this he resembled those politicians who commence life as office holders; they will hang on tooth and nail, and even when death shakes them off, you'll find a commission of some kind crumpled up in their clenched fingers. Little Van [Buren] appears to belong to this class—there's no beating his snout from the public crib. He'll feed there while there's a grain of corn left, and even then, from long habit, he'll set to work and gnaw at the manger.

"Thimberlig got the blind side of the planter, and everything to outward appearances went on swimmingly; but suddenly he discontinued his visits at the planter's house. His friends inquired of him the meaning of this abrupt termination of his devotions.

"'I have been treated with disrespect,' replied the worthy, indignantly.

"'In what way?'

"'My visits, it seems, are not altogether agreeable.'

"'But how have you ascertained that?'

"'I received a hint to that effect; and I can take a hint as soon as another.'

"'A hint?—and have you allowed a hint to drive you from the pursuit? For shame. Go back again.'

"'No, no, never! a hint is sufficient for a man of my gentlemanly feelings. I asked the old man for his daughter.'

"'Well, what followed? what did he say?'

"'Didn't say a word.'

"'Silence gives consent all the world over.'

"'So I thought. I then told him to fix the day.'

"'Well, what then?'

"'Why, then he kicked me down stairs, and ordered his slaves to pump upon me. That's hint enough for me.'

He next turned strolling player, then drifted to New Orleans, and hired himself as marker to a gaming table; but, as he modestly acknowledged, his ideas of arithmetic differed so widely from those of his employers that they never could balance their accounts, and he therefore set up professional blackleg "on his own hook," and settled at Natchez. His account of this place is worth extracting:—

"Natchez is a land of fevers, alligators, niggers, and cotton bales: where the sun shines with force

sufficient to melt the diamond: where to refuse grog before breakfast would degrade you below the brute creation; and where a good dinner is looked upon as an angel's visit, and voted a miracle: where bears, the size of young jackasses, are fondled in lieu of pet dogs; and knives, the length of a barber's pole, usurp the place of toothpicks: where the filth of the town is carried off by buzzards, and the inhabitants are carried off by fevers."

I found Thimberlig, says the Colonel, to be a pleasant talkative fellow; he communicated all these facts with as much indifference as if there were nothing disgraceful in his career:—

"All the time he was talking to me he was seated on a chest, and playing mechanically with his pea and thimbles, as if he was afraid that he would lose the slight unless he kept his hand in constant practice."

The Colonel, the Bee-hunter, and Thimberlig now journey together towards Texas. The scenes in the woods are very well described; here is one of them.—Having stopped to refresh their horses, the Colonel spoke of his intention of having a buffalo hunt, and his companions endeavoured to dissuade him from the folly of allowing a ruling passion to lead him into such imminent danger; and yet, says the Colonel, "all the time, while they were running down my weakness, as they called it, Thimberlig was amusing himself with his eternal thimbles and pea upon the crown of his big white hat. I could not refrain from laughing outright to see with what gravity and apparent interest he slipped the pea from one thimble to another while in the midst of a desert." Just then too the Bee-hunter caught sight of a solitary bee, shaping its course to its hive, and hurried after it without thinking of consequences. We shall let the Colonel continue the narrative.

"Shortly after the Bee hunter had disappeared we heard a noise something like the rumbling of distant thunder. The sky was clear, there were no signs of a storm, and we concluded it could not proceed from that cause. On turning to the west we saw an immense cloud of dust in the distance, but could perceive no object distinctly, and still the roaring continued. \* \*

"We at first imagined that it was a tornado, but whatever it was, it was coming directly towards the spot where we stood. Our mustangs [horses] had ceased to graze, and cocked up their ears in evident alarm. We ran and caught them, took off the hobbles, and rode into the grove of trees; still the noise grew louder and louder. We had scarcely got under the shelter of the grove before the object approached near enough for us to ascertain what it was. It was a herd of buffalo, at least four or five hundred in number, dashing along as swift as the wind, and roaring as if so many devils had broke loose. They passed near the grove, and, if we had not taken shelter there, we should have been in great danger of being trampled to death. My poor little mustang shook worse than a politician about to be turned out of office, as the drove came sweeping by. At their head, apart from the rest, was a black bull, who appeared to be their leader; he came roaring along, his tail straight on end, and at times tossing up the air with his horns. I never felt such a desire to have a crack at anything in all my life. He drew nigh the place where I was standing; I raised my beautiful Betsey to my shoulder, took deliberate aim, blazed away, and he roared, and suddenly stopped. Those that were near him did so likewise, and the concussion occasioned by the impetus of those in the rear was such, that it was a miracle some of them did not break their legs, or necks. The black bull stood for a few moments pawing the ground after he was shot, then darted off around the cluster of trees, and made for the uplands of the prairies. The whole herd followed, sweeping by like a tornado, and, I do say, I never witnessed a more beautiful sight to the eye of a hunter in all my life. Bear hunting is no more to be compared to it than Colonel Benton is to Henry Clay. I watched them for a few moments, then clapped spurs to my mustang, and followed in their wake."

The Colonel followed the trail of the herd, and was soon out of sight; he then lost his way, as might have been expected. Night came on, and he had to fight for his life and a bed with a huge Cougar; but next morning he fortunately fell in with a tribe of Cumanches, who accompanied him some distance on his road.

"I have met with many polite men in my time, (says the Colonel,) but no one who possessed in a greater degree what may be called true spontaneous politeness than this Cumanche chief, always excepting Philip Hone, Esq., of New York, whom I look upon as the politest man I ever did see; for when he asked me to take a drink at his own side-board he turned his back upon me, that I mightn't be ashamed to fill as much as I wanted. That was what I call doing the fair thing."

Nothing of interest occurred until they reached the Colorado; there, he continues:—

"We saw a light column of smoke ascending in the clear sky, and hastened toward it. It proceeded from a small cluster of trees near the river. When we came within five hundred yards of it, the warriors extended their line around the object, and the chief and myself cautiously approached it. When we came within eyeshot, what was my astonishment to discover a solitary man seated on the ground near the fire, so intent upon some pursuit that he did not perceive our approach. We drew nigh to him, and still he was unconscious of our approach. It was poor Thimberlig practising his game of thimbles upon the crown of his white Vicksburg."

The reader will regret to know that not only the Colonel, but his friends the Bee-hunter and poor Thimberlig, were all killed at San Antonio.

### Post Office Reform. By Rowland Hill.

We have deferred our notice of this able pamphlet, in the hope that we should find space and leisure to enable us to treat of the important subject therein considered at some length. As, however, it appears improbable at this time—the height of the publishing season, and with all the Societies in full activity—we must content ourselves with announcing the publication. Mr. Hill takes a sound, statesman-like view of the subject. The Post Office ought not to be considered merely as a revenue department; it involves other and higher interests. The cheap transmission of letters and of information is of vital importance to the trade and commerce of the country—it materially influences the question of education and of the general diffusion of knowledge—to say nothing of the promotion of friendly, family, and social intercourse, with all their moral influences. It is a fact, not likely to be known to our readers, that letters have remained a fortnight and three weeks in the hands of the postman before the parties to whom they were addressed could raise money sufficient to pay the postage; and that blank letters are sent, which it is agreed between the parties, shall not be taken in and paid for, the mere presenting them being an intimation that the writer is well. Coleridge ascertained this fact by paying the postage of a letter so refused by an anxious mother, and was informed of the fact when he presented the blank sheet to her. Mr. Hill is fully sensible of this; but knowing the weight of pounds, shillings, and pence in all parliamentary discussions, he offers proof that a considerable reduction in the rate of postage would produce a positive increase in the revenue. He is, indeed, of opinion, founded on apparently good data,—that with *payment in advance*, a rate of one penny for each letter not exceeding half an ounce, would not, in the end, cause any material reduction in the net proceeds;

and he shows, that the cost of carrying such a letter from London to Edinburgh is not more than one-twentieth of a penny.

**List of New Books.**—Freedom, The Spirit of the Age, and other Poems, by H. Mead, 12mo. 3s. cl.—An Inquiry into the Nature and Form of the Books of the Ancients, with a History of the Art of Bookbinding, by J. A. Arnet, 6s. plates, 7s. 6d.; proof plates, 10s. 6d. cl.—The Young Duellists; or the Affair of Honour, 12mo. plates, 6s. plain; 6s. 6d. col., cl.—Robert's Mechanic's Assistant; or Universal Measurer, sq. 12mo. 3s. hf-bd.—Mahon's History of England, Vol. II. 8vo. 14s. bds.—Opinions of Lord Brougham, post 8vo. 12s. cl.—The Great Metropolis, 2nd Series, 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s. bds.—The Protestant Kempt, selected from the Writings of Scougal, How, and Cudworth, by Bishop Jebb, 2nd edit. 7s. bds.—Robinson's Remarks on the Ecclesiastical Condition of the United Kingdom, post 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.—Jones's Book of the Young, 6s. 6d. cl.—Payne (Dr.) on the Church of Christ, 2s. 6d. cl.—A Discourse on the Complete Restoration of Man, by Daniel Chapman, 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.—A Birthday Tribute to H.R.H. the Princess Victoria, 4to. 3s. swd.—Richardson's New English Dictionary, 2 vols. 4to. 5s. 5s.—Hook's Last Days of Our Lord's Ministry, new edit. 6s. bds.—Sinner's Soul's Conflict, 6s. cl.—A Dream of Life, by the Rev. G. W. Moore, 6s. 5s. cl.—Kelly's (Rev. D.) Practical Sermons, 2nd edit. 8vo. 7s. 6d. cl.—Mant's Happiness of the Blessed, 4th edit. with additions, 12mo. 4s. 6d. bds.—Melville's Sermons at Cambridge in February 1836, 4th edit. 8vo. 5s. bds.—Ritchie's Principles of Geometry Familiarly Illustrated, 2nd edit. 12mo. 3s. 6d. cl.—Strickland's Tales and Stories from History, 2nd edit. 2 vols. 18mo. 7s. cl.—Chandler's Hymns of the Primitive Church, 6s. 4s. 6d. cl.—The Golden Wedding Ring, by a Clergyman, 32mo. 1s. cl.—Autumn Leaves, by H. F. Valle, 2nd edit. post 8vo. 7s. 6d. cl.—Margam Abbey, an Historical Romance, 12mo. 9s. 6d. cl.—Chitty's Summary of the Office and Duties of Constables, 2nd edit. 12mo. 3s. 6d. bds.—Memorials of Oxford, Vol. III. 8vo. 20s.; 4to. 38s. cl.—Meckel's Manual of General Anatomy, translated from the French, by A. S. Doane, 6s. 6s. cl.

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL FOR APRIL.

KEPT BY THE ASSISTANT SECRETARY AT THE APARTMENTS OF  
THE ROYAL SOCIETY, BY ORDER OF THE PRESIDENT AND COUNCIL.

1837.	9 o'clock, A.M.			3 o'clock, P.M.			9 A.M. along shore.	Diff. of Wet and Dry Bulb Ther.	External Thermometers.				Rain in inches, Read off at 9 A.M.	Direction of the Wind at 9 A.M.	REMARKS.
	Barometer.		Att. Ther.	Barometer.		Att. Ther.			Fahrenheit.		Self-registering				
	Flint Glass.	Crown Glass.		Flint Glass.	Crown Glass.				9 A.M.	3 P.M.	Lowest	Highest			
APRIL.	Flint Glass.	Crown Glass.	Att. Ther.	Flint Glass.	Crown Glass.	Att. Ther.									
S 1	29.891	29.885	43.9	29.836	29.828	43.2	47	00.8	42.0	47.7	34.5	44.2	SW	(Fine—light clouds and wind throughout the day. Evening, Fine and clear.)	
⊙ 2	29.893	29.887	44.2	29.834	29.828	43.0	32	02.2	37.7	45.2	32.0	48.3	WSW	Fine—nearly cloudless—light haze. Evening, Fine and clear.	
M 3	29.448	29.440	44.9	29.448	29.442	44.7	35	02.2	43.4	45.7	37.7	46.0	SW	(A.M. Fine—light clouds—brisk wind. P.M. Cloudy—very light rain. Evening, Fine and clear.)	
T 4	29.613	29.603	41.8	29.629	29.621	43.4	31	03.9	38.4	43.6	33.6	47.0	SW	Cloudy—light-brisk wind throughout the day. Evening, Cloudy.	
W 5	29.662	29.656	40.3	29.676	29.668	42.9	29	05.2	38.6	43.3	35.2	44.0	NE var.	(A.M. Overcast—brisk wind. P.M. Fine—light clouds and wind. Evening, Cloudy.)	
T 6	29.869	29.861	42.2	29.859	29.851	42.3	32	04.0	39.3	45.3	33.0	43.8	N	A.M. Cloudy—li. brisk wind. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & wind. Ev. Cl'd.	
F 7	30.063	30.057	44.0	30.083	30.073	44.2	33	04.2	39.7	41.2	32.7	45.4	N	(A.M. Fine—light clouds—brisk wind. P.M. Cloudy—snow—fall and very light rain. Evening, Cloudy.)	
S 8	30.306	30.296	47.9	30.281	30.273	42.6	31	05.3	39.7	43.3	34.9	43.6	N	Fine—lt. clouds—brisk wind throughout the day. Ev. Fine & clear.	
⊙ 9	30.263	30.255	44.2	30.201	30.195	41.0	23	03.9	35.2	38.3	30.5	44.3	NNW	(A.M. Cloudy—brisk wind. P.M. Fine—light clouds—brisk wind. Evening, Cloudy—light snow.)	
M 10	30.063	30.051	41.3	29.950	29.938	40.0	25	04.8	35.7	38.6	29.0	40.2	NNE	(A.M. Cloudy—brisk wind—sharp frost during the night. P.M. Cloudy—snow and wind. Evening, Overcast.)	
T 11	29.637	29.627	38.9	29.569	29.561	38.7	26	02.5	33.7	37.7	29.4	39.9	W	Overcast—light wind throughout the day. Ev. Light snow & wind.	
W 12	29.623	29.615	39.2	29.651	29.645	39.2	28	02.6	35.7	39.4	28.0	39.8	E	(Overcast—light brisk wind throughout the day. (At noon, light snow.) Evening, Dark clouds.)	
T 13	29.830	29.822	37.9	29.828	29.822	39.6	29	03.2	36.9	39.6	35.5	40.3	NE var.	Overcast—light-brisk wind throughout the day. Evening, Cloudy.	
F 14	29.865	29.857	39.3	29.799	29.789	41.6	32	05.0	38.8	43.3	35.2	40.4	N	(A.M. Overcast, wind moderate. P.M. Fine—light clouds & wind. Evening, Cloudy.)	
S 15	29.629	29.621	43.8	29.498	29.490	43.2	32	02.3	40.2	47.3	34.5	45.0	S	A.M. Cloudy. P.M. Fine—nearly cloudless. Evening, Cloudy.	
⊙ 16	29.352	29.344	41.2	29.373	29.367	42.4	32	02.5	37.2	39.4	35.4	47.7	W	Overcast—light snow and wind.	
M 17	29.640	29.632	40.3	29.685	29.677	42.0	30	03.5	37.7	46.3	35.2	39.8	W var.	Overcast—light brisk wind throughout the day.	
T 18	29.857	29.849	41.6	29.884	29.876	42.9	35	02.1	40.3	43.4	37.4	48.0	N	Overcast—light wind throughout the day.	
W 19	29.916	29.912	43.2	29.864	29.858	45.2	37	03.2	43.8	48.7	40.2	44.5	SW	Overcast throughout the day. Evening, Fine and clear.	
⊙ T 20	29.762	29.756	45.6	29.759	29.751	46.6	39	04.2	49.9	43.6	49.8	50.7	SW	(A.M. Cloudy—light wind. P.M. Overcast—light rain. Evening, Fine and clear.)	
F 21	29.699	29.691	53.7	29.629	29.623	46.8	37	03.2	46.2	41.4	36.5	56.2	.069 SSE	(A.M. Cloudy—light wind. P.M. Overcast—light rain. Evening, Overcast—continued rain.)	
S 22	29.501	29.493	46.6	29.507	29.501	47.4	38	03.6	43.7	47.4	39.3	47.2	.144 WSW	Overcast—light wind throughout the day. Ev. Overcast—light rain.	
⊙ 23	29.608	29.600	45.7	29.602	29.596	48.0	39	04.1	44.3	46.8	39.8	48.0	.101 SW	Overcast—light rain nearly the whole day.	
M 24	29.667	29.663	58.3	29.692	29.684	51.0	40	04.3	48.3	53.4	41.2	49.0	.069 S	(A.M. Fine—light clouds & wind. P.M. Cloudy, as also the evening.)	
T 25	29.853	29.849	57.7	29.851	29.845	52.4	43	02.7	49.6	52.7	40.5	55.5	SSW	(A.M. Fine—light clouds and wind. P.M. Cloudy. Evening, Overcast—light rain.)	
W 26	29.784	29.780	54.2	29.780	29.772	53.7	46	04.7	52.4	58.4	47.2	53.8	.250 SW	(A.M. Cloudy—light wind. P.M. Fine—light clouds. Evening, Fine and star-light.)	
T 27	29.718	29.712	51.3	29.673	29.665	53.2	45	03.5	48.5	51.2	43.2	59.2	S	(A.M. Overcast—heavy rain with light wind. P.M. Overcast.)	
F 28	29.626	29.620	54.6	29.554	29.544	53.9	45	04.8	51.6	52.4	42.2	52.5	.116 SSW	(A.M. Cloudy—light wind. P.M. Fine—light clouds and wind. Evening, Cloudy.)	
S 29	29.459	29.451	51.7	29.307	29.299	52.3	46	03.3	49.3	50.7	46.3	52.4	SSE	(Overcast—light rain nearly the whole of the day. Evening, Overcast—light rain.)	
⊙ 30	29.401	29.393	53.2	29.420	29.414	56.0	48	03.0	52.8	59.0	49.2	53.4	.151 SSW	(A.M. Overcast—light rain—high wind. P.M. Fine—nearly cloudless—light brisk wind. Evening, Fine and clear.)	
MEANS.	29.750	29.743	45.7	29.724	29.717	45.5	35.5	03.5	42.4	45.8	37.3	47.0	.900		

Note.—On the 10th and 11th, the water within the glass cistern, which is attached to the Wet and Dry Bulb Thermometer, was frozen.



## LITERATURE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

FRANCE.—By JULES JANIN.

*(Continued from p. 293.)*

Is the first rank of historical romances, there is one which, for spirit, for style, and for rapid and continuous movement, is worthy to attract our interest and our notice. I speak of the *Histoire de la Campagne de 1812*, by M. de Ségur,—a sad and bloody page of our annals, which needed not the aid of all that literary enchantment to carry mourning and regret into the heart of every Frenchman. There is, however, a speech ascribed to Madame la Duchesse d'Angoulême, which should win our unceasing respect for the book of M. de Ségur. "Had I known what it has taught me," said Madame, "Marshal Ney would not now have been dead."

From History to Romance we have but one step to make. History has descended so far from the pedestal on which she stood of old,—and, at the same time, Romance has so elevated herself,—that, ere long, if cure be not taken, History and Romance will stand face to face upon the same level, and compromised in the same destiny. The fact is a strange one: History, which formerly put on the lofty airs of majesty, has descended in our day to the character of a sprightly girl.—Romance, which was once, properly speaking, the mere running chronicle of our domestic manners, breaks out of its sphere, erects itself into a legislator—into a politician—into an historian—sways men and rebukes them—instructs them—moralizes to them—corrupts them. Romance meddles, at once, with the past, the present, and the future; buses itself about all things, lawful and unlawful; marches by land and voyages by sea, and explores every tract, beaten and unbeaten. Is this change to be considered an advance for History and a decline for Romance? A great question, which must be decided by some one more able and more daring than I am.

The moment I enter within the vast field of Romance, I find that, suddenly and at once, present themselves to our criticism the greatest men of our contemporary literature. In our days, Romance is the universal domain. Where is the French author who has not written a romance?—where is the poet who has not left his unfinished song to write a romance?—where is the dramatist, or the orator, or the critic, or the noble lady, or the young girl, who has not written a romance?—and where are the subjects that Romance has not handled? The Middle Age, the Sixteenth Century, Louis XIV., Louis XV.; philanthropy and philosophy, too, have been introduced into the romance; and domestic economy, and the gospel, and politics, and heaven and earth, the sea, and the infernal regions. Romance is the universal ambition, the universal passion of to-day. It has taken every form—it speaks all languages—it bears upon its title-page the most illustrious names—Madame de Staël, M. de Chateaubriand, M. de Lamartine, M. Victor Hugo, Madame de Duras, Madame de Souza, M. Alfred de Vigny, M. de Balzac, M. Saint Beuve, and that greatest and most poetical of writers, George Sand. Arrived, then, at this point of my labour, I find, unhappy me! that I have erred in giving myself so much trouble to review, one by one, the different kinds of the literature of the nineteenth century. I should have been more brief, and perhaps more amusing, had I simply entitled this essay—"Of those who write romances, and of those who do not!"

The Romance may further be said to be peculiarly and entirely French; our literature commences by romances in verse—I have great apprehension that it may end by romances in prose. The *Roman du Brut*, one of the oldest monuments in our language, was composed in the middle of the twelfth century. *Tristan du Leonnois* was written thirty years later, under Philippe Auguste; and from these began that simple and striking series of the *Romans de la Table Ronde*, which exercised so great an influence on the chivalry of Europe. In the sixteenth century reached us from Italy the family of the Amadis, as eternal and complicated as that race of Agamemnon which knew no end. The East sent us fairies, and magicians, and enchanters of all kinds. The sister of Francis the First, the ingenious and witty Queen of Navarre, is the author of the *Heptaméron*. Louis

the Eleventh—that terrible monarch—is said to have amused himself, from time to time, in writing some little obscene story. The Curé de Meudon, Rabelais, was the inventor, with us, of the satirical romance—whose master-piece is *Candide*. The *Satyre Ménippée* is a political romance, which bore fruits as great as the *Paroles d'un Croyant* are destined one day to bear. Anne of Austria, a queen distinguished by goodness, genius, and a beauty and imagination entirely Spanish, introduced amongst us the romances, the manners, and the gallantry of her country. The *Astrée* of D'Urfé, a clever imitation of the *Diane* of Montemayor, was long in fashion as a master-piece. Then came the *Fronde*, which mingled all that graceful gallantry with a little irony, and a little scepticism. The beautiful language of France, however, after having laid aside its swaddling clothes, went on forming itself, little and little, thanks to Malherbes, to Racan, to Corneille, to Balzac, to Voiture. To illustrate that skilful mixture of *bel esprit*, gallantry, heroism, and love, came the endless romances of Mademoiselle de Scudéri, and of La Calprenède. *Cassandre* and *Cleopâtre* were admired romances. Unfortunately, Molière wrote the *Précieuses Ridicules*, and Boileau composed his *Satires*; Scarron, at the same time, struck a fatal blow against the heroic romance, in giving to the world the *Roman Comique*. The romance of that period made its common haunts of palaces and fortresses—it dealt only with princes, and princesses, and kings. In the hands of its new master, Scarron, it was compelled to haunt the road-side public-houses and village inns, and to have for its associates homeless actors and actresses. This was the beginning of a great revolution; and that revolution, so commenced in the Romance, was completed by Mademoiselle de la Fayette. She rejected alike the grotesque romance of Scarron, and the heroic romance of Mademoiselle Scudéri, and took for her object truth and nature, in sentiments, in passions, and in style. She wrote her romances in the same spirit as that in which her friend, Madame de Sévigné, wrote her letters. The *Princesse de Clèves* is, even to this day, a masterpiece of grace, simplicity, and taste.

That the Romance might reach at once to an unhopèd-for dignity, a holy prelate, the most brilliant genius of the kingdom of Louis XIV., Fénelon, wrote his admirable romance of *Télémaque*. Homer and Plato combined could not have produced, betwixt them, a finer work; it is at once the code of nations and of kings. Be it observed, however, that whenever poetry reigns as supreme mistress amongst us, the romance yields the palm to the drama, the history, and the poem. The romance is the work of remote epochs; to its existence is necessary either the innocence of village life, or a corruption without bounds. What a space to traverse, through the history of the human passions, between the *Roman du Brut* and the *Liaisons dangereuses*!

The eighteenth century brought us *Gil Blas*. *Gil Blas* is to France what Tom Jones is to England, and Don Quixote to Spain. The Abbé Prévost, amid his numberless books, has left the touching love-story of *Manon Lescaut*, which had the honour, at a later period, to give birth to the *Virginie* of Bernardin de St. Pierre, and the *Atala* of M. de Chateaubriand. Voltaire, besides *Candide*, wrote also *Zadig*, *Micromégas*, *Le Huron*, and all those charming tales which Madame de Pompadour, who always spoke out what she thought, so much preferred to *Mahomet* and to *Zaïre*. The great author of the *Esprit des Lois* prefaced his severe and laborious studies on legislation, by a frivolous and licentious romance of love and philosophy. The author of the *Contrat Social* wrote his *Héloïse*, that burning history of love at twenty; and afterwards his romance of education, the *Emile*. Then Marivaux—that man of so much imagination that he had more of it than Voltaire, which amounts to saying, that he had too much—Marmontel, Duclos, Florian, Mesdames de Tencin, Graffigny and Riccoboni, more than once interrupted their daily conversations, to write pages of romance, in which each deposited the little secrets of his or her soul. Finally,

after the *Virginie* of Bernardin de St. Pierre had flung its chaste light over French romance, that romance became extinguished—as the century itself was extinguished—in corruption and in vice. De Laclos, Louvet, and Crébillon fils, are the luxury-soiled heroes of that last period of the eighteenth century and of romance.

This, then, is the proper place to speak of a writer who has contributed, almost as much as M. de Chateaubriand, to give to the literature of France, overthrown and confounded on all sides, a new life. That writer is Madame de Staël. Appearing after those dreadful shocks which the mind of France—and it may almost be said the human mind—had to sustain, at the close of the eighteenth century, Madame de Staël brought back hope to the poetry of her country. She was the first who ventured to proclaim aloud that art could not die in France;—she put proudly forth her free hand to open the commencing century. As often as future generations shall speak of this nineteenth century, still so young and yet so full of thought and of revolutions, they shall name as the first among its women—or rather the first among its men—Madame de Staël.

Belonging to modern times by her works and by her genius, Madame de Staël, by her education, belongs to the old French society, of which she is the noblest and most precious relic. She was born in the midst of that world of fashion, at once elegant, imaginative, disputative, sarcastic, sceptical, and brave,—which a breath annihilated in 1793. Even while yet a dweller in this exclusive world, the young girl foresaw the new nation which was advancing. That young girl, alone, perhaps, of all that old society which yielded its neck to the executioner without deigning to utter a complaint, comprehended, in the depth of her spirit, at once the heroism of Madame Roland, and the sublime devotion of the sainted Charlotte Corday. In the moments of that fearful madness—the shame, never to be effaced, of our history—when Terror was the stupid and bloody sovereign of all the consciences of France, this child dared singly to utter her cry of indignation, when that beautiful and hapless victim, the queen of France, was dragged before the hideous tribunal. At a later period, when, from the reign of Terror, France passed into the hands of the Directory—that is to say, when she changed from blood to vice,—we find again that young voice proclaiming aloud the severe and sacred republics of the old days. She had the courage to send to the address of Barras the *Lettre de Brutus à Ciceron*. She walked boldly amongst the wrecks of the revolution which the storm had scattered hither and thither, without overwhelming; and, stretching out her hand to the returning exiles, was even then the friend of all the fallen nobles, as she became afterwards the defender of the proscribed.

What was the astonishment of Bonaparte when, vanquisher within and without of all the forces that opposed his progress, he saw fixed upon him the intelligent eye of Madame de Staël, which pierced to the bottom of his soul, and sounded all the most hidden depths of his heart! That woman, whom he had not yet found time even to notice, had founded in France a power, side by side with the power of the Emperor. She had opened a *salon*, and in that *salon* she spoke to the leading intelligences of France, as a great orator might have spoken in the face of his country. She scattered round her the hardest thoughts, the boldest principles. She swayed at her will a thousand varied passions; and men forgot, as they listened to her, that her opinions would not harmonize with the opinions of the Emperor.

Never, perhaps, has the world seen a more precocious woman. The little Germaine Necker, brought up in the *salon* of her mother, amid all the wits of the eighteenth century, had early habituated herself to interrogate them, and to answer them. At fifteen years of age she had already commented upon a portion of the *Esprit des Lois*. The *Nouvelle Héloïse* was, for this young spirit open to all impressions, an infinite fountain of emotion and of poetry. Clarissa Harlowe was her second love after *Héloïse*. She commenced, too, several little romances of her own, filled with sorrow and with weeping, as was the fashion of that day. In a word, she advanced, with a light footstep, along that path, so full of tears and of leafless roses, till suddenly, and at a single

bound, she reached that fine book, *De la Littérature* (1800), and afterwards *Delphine* (1803), which was its immediate consequence. At the moment when the first of these (*De la Littérature considérée dans ses rapports avec les Institutions Sociales*) appeared, modern French genius did not, as yet, know itself. France, which should by this time have been literary France, had passed in turn, and so abruptly, from the despotism of blood to the despotism of glory, that she had scarcely yet had time to recognize herself amid so many changes. The human mind, so completely stopped in its progress as it had been, knew not as yet in what direction to recommence its slow and learned march along the path of ages. In her book on literature, Madame de Staël succeeded in combining all the scattered principles of the ancient literatures—faith—liberty—speculation—the Greek influence—and the German influence: she busied herself about all which we had forgotten. That book was the signal of a truce in favour of letters. It opened the breach through which passed, a year later, the *Génie du Christianisme*. It remains as one of the noblest presentiments of this present generation; and all the disputes to which it has given rise are, thank God! forgotten.

Three years later appeared *Delphine*, at a time when the two forms of society were more resolutely than ever opposed to each other, and mutually determined not to give up one inch of ground. *Delphine* is the history—or rather it is the romance—of the youth of Madame de Staël. Therein is found the germ of all her subsequently developed opinions—on marriage, on politics, on religion, on all the subjects which agitated the new society; and, with all these, how sparkling an eloquence!—how lofty a style!—how many graces! How proud and fortunate must a revolution be supposed to be, which had given birth to such a writer! For so much glory she had, however, to pay the penalty of exile. She was forced to quit Paris, the city where she reigned as a sovereign, and where the Emperor did not choose to permit two sovereigns at the same time. Mourning for her lost royalty, she dragged with her, to all places, her regrets;—to Berlin, where she saw Goethe, the King of Germany; to Italy, where she found that she had already understood Italy before she saw it; to Coppet, where she was again a queen, but over subjects too limited in number. She roamed unceasingly, gathering and hoarding the materials of her future books. At times, weary with wandering far from France—her real country, the land of all her hopes—she obtained, from a jealous government, the permission to establish her exile in France,—at Saumur, at Auxerre, at Châlons; but always unable to make a nearer approach to the capital. A poor relief this, to a spirit like hers. She pined and languished within these little circles, which shut her in away from the great centre. In the richest lands, amid the fairest scenes, she still uttered her sighing wish, "Oh! for my own rannel of the Rue du Bac!" One day, at length, she ventured to Paris, for the sole purpose of wandering, by night, around this well-beloved rannel, dearer to her than Lake Lemane. What bitterness of heart must have been endured by this gifted woman, as she beheld the most intellectual *hôtels* of Paris blazing with lights, and felt, at the same time, that it was forbidden to her to transport thither her talents and her genius! But even this imperfect solace of her exile was grudged her by the Emperor. She was compelled once more to become a wanderer—far, very far, from the Rue du Bac. She departed for her Chateau de Coppet, where she surrounded herself, as much as she could, with a family of the children of genius—Benjamin Constant, Schlegel, M. de Sabran, M. de Sismondi, M. Bonstetten. Each Frenchman, of intellectual celebrity, imposed it upon himself as a duty to make a pilgrimage, once a year, to the Chateau de Coppet. Thither came M. Matthieu de Montmorency, the Prince Augustus of Prussia, and M. Prosper de Barante. Geneva and Germany sent thither, also, their most distinguished representatives. It was, in fact, a magnificent conclave—political, philosophical, and literary,—over which reigned supreme, in right of genius and of eloquence, Benjamin Constant and Madame de Staël. The conversation was interminable, unending: the assemblage discoursed of all things and of all men: they rose sometimes, that they might talk, and sat far into the

night, that they might talk the more. Their very feasts were a gossipry, like the dinners of Madame Scarron when the roast meats began to fail. But the meats never failed at Coppet—the hospitality was as lavish as it was friendly and enlightened. Thither, too, came one day an English lord, who wrote verses,—and that lord was Byron! Madame de Staël detected the as yet latent powers of this nobleman, and said of him, "I believe him possessed of genius enough to destroy a woman's peace!"

The year 1807 gave us *Corinne*; and all Europe combined, heart and hand, in the applauses bestowed upon it. This sudden and universal enthusiasm for the production of an exiled writer awakened, once more, the frown of the great master; for, in fact, the sovereignty of Madame de Staël pronounced itself, on this occasion, in all its power. Corinne was, from that hour, the name by which she was known to all the world; and, truth to speak, the Emperor was not altogether wrong in feeling some uneasiness about a banished woman, whose genius had rendered her so popular and so glorious.

It must be stated, to the honour of England, that she was the first to give the rights of hospitality and publication to Madame de Staël's work, *L'Allemagne*; which, to our shame and degradation, the French censorship had torn to pieces with its hands. In that book the authoress revealed to France a new world of poetry, of which she was the Christopher Columbus.

An end was at length put to her ostracism by Louis XVIII. Madame de Staël had seen the king in England, and she, with many another hope of France, returned in his train. Her latest work, *Considérations sur la Révolution Française*, has placed her name side by side with that of her father. It is the illustrious and admirable starting-point of that party who are called, now-a-days, the *Doctrinaires*. The book in question—which stands as the funeral oration of Madame de Staël—contained much good advice, thrown away upon royalty. A compact was formed around this political testament, to protect and defend it, and to deduce from it all the valuable consequences with which it was so pregnant. Thence sprang *Le Globe* and its doctrines. Of this book were born all the youthful genius and talent which now govern France;—and thus has this illustrious woman reigned, in a double sense, during her life and since her death, over the arts and over the politics of her age.

Madame de Staël died at Paris on the 14th of July, 1817. An hour before her death she requested that she might once more look upon the Sun. She caused herself to be carried out to the lawn of her garden, and placed in the shadow of her rose-trees,—the leaves of which she distributed to her friends, amid words of affection, of consolation, and of hope.

And here, if anywhere, it is that we must speak of a faithful friend of Madame de Staël, who has written a romance more secure of duration than any in our language—the author of *Adolphe*. The brilliant reputation of Benjamin Constant in the tribune, must not make us lose sight of his glory and his influence as a writer. *Adolphe* is not merely a romance,—it is the faithful and powerful history of an unhappiness, less rare than is believed. *Adolphe* is, truly, the young man of our era. He is the victim at once of knowledge and of *ennui*—knowledge without a purpose, and *ennui* without a cause. It is because of *ennui* and of idleness that he loves Ellénore, and exacts from her the heavy sacrifices of her reputation, her family, and her position in society. To the man she loves everything is sacrificed by Ellénore. Unhappy woman! who has persuaded herself to believe that her enthusiasm of to-day is to last for life—unhappy woman! who has persuaded herself that she can do, all her days, without the world, living with no companionship save that of her deep love! But alas! the time is at hand when Ellénore is to feel the emptiness and the nothingness of that same love, for which she has given all else. At the moment when first rises up in the mind of Ellénore a doubt of her lover, *all* is lost to her; there is for her a future no more, no further courage, and no further hope. How fragile is that love which had been built upon confidence alone! From that hour misery gets possession of the heart, so fond and so trusting, of old; tears bring the characters of age

into her once happy face; in a single day, the noble spirit loses all its faith. A sad and mournful spectacle is that disenchanted love. Oh! woe for the sacrifice that has no limit—the devotion that has no counterpoise—the self-renunciation from which there is no return! At the very instant in which the whisper hath passed through her heart "That man is ungrateful," at that same instant their mutual punishment hath begun, never to end but in the grave. Ungrateful! he for whom she hath lost herself—ungrateful! he who hath taken up his abode in the shadow of her dishonour, that from thence he may direct, more at his ease, his scorn and his disdain against society! Ungrateful! he who, for his vanity's sake, hath torn her from her children, from her husband, and from her home! Ungrateful! he for whom she hath forgotten all things—virtue and duties, and even the difference of years which was between them! And now to be compelled to despise him! Her eyes are forcibly opened to the knowledge that she hath been deceived. But, indeed, both have deceived themselves; the same misfortune weighs down the head of each—the same loneliness of heart presses upon the one and the other—the same *ennui* haunts them both. Then comes a continual interchange of falsehoods, of flatteries, and of feigned caresses. They speak oftener than they did before of the future and of hope. Adolphe counterfeits love, and Ellénore enthusiasm. A little longer—that is, till their misery has taken a still deeper shade,—and they fling aside the mask; they renounce their falsehood as an exhausted resource and an ineffectual consolation—they acknowledge to their own hearts the satiety of their love. But not even at this point of regret and disgust is their wretchedness at its height; they have still a further progress in misery to make: they are to feel all the weight of that fatal chain by which they are linked together—the wretched convicts of love! Both shall pray, in the depth of their souls, for a little solitude and a little separation,—as the rich bad man, from the profundity of his hell, calls vainly upon Lazarus for a drop of water. And they, too, shall pray in vain: there is no more solitude and no further separation for him or for her. Then rises up in these two spirits, a-weary of each other, an indescribable concealed and mysterious passion of anger; and yet—oh, for human weakness!—in that very passion are the means of deliverance from their thralldom for both, only that to reach it that passion must declare itself aloud,—and it dares not. It hides itself still beneath a smile. Beneath their caresses these two unhappy beings would fain bite for each other's blood, and yet they do caress;—they hate like two creatures who have destroyed each other, and yet say, "I love!" They would fly each other, from end to end of the world, yet there they are, ever in the presence of one another, face to face. She weepeth and sobbeth because she knows the heavy *ennui* which her victim suffers from her tears and her sobs. He casts down his eyes, and forcibly restrains his threats, because he knows what tears and sobs his menaces would produce. It is in vain that he humbles himself, that he asks a respite, and craves for pity. Nothing can avail him—she is implacable, remorseless to her victim. Terrible conflicts are these,—scarcely appeased, ere again and ever renewed, by night and by day. It is a perpetual strife between two combatants of equal power, never to be terminated but by death. We can never forget, when we speak of the great works of this present century, to cite the *Adolphe* of Benjamin Constant.

*Adolphe* gave rise, amongst us, to what is called the *roman intime*—a poor invention, which has been abused by our writers—as they have abused most other things. The primary and essential condition of the *roman intime*, is, that it shall be as little like a book as possible. The form of this species of romance is commonly artificial enough. Sometimes it is a correspondence which has been long mislaid, and turns up in an envelope of old paper. Sometimes the hero of the tale meets with an unknown personage, reclining beneath a tree, or seated upon some ruin, who relates to him all the incidents of his life. Sometimes all the persons of the story are dead, and it is a simple witness of its catastrophe who indulges himself with the luxury of reciting his recollections. But there is no end to the forms—generally wretched—of the

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roman intime—which is much in vogue at the present day.

Here, too, it is, that we must speak of a writer, who had, in his day, one of those brilliant successes to which nothing is wanting, excepting, perhaps, perpetuity. Bernardin de St. Pierre, the author of *Paul et Virginie*, of the *Chaumière Indienne*, and of the *Harmonies de la Nature*, must be mentioned as one of those whose influence in literature is not to be denied, although that influence has a decline whose rapidity is proportioned to the suddenness and force of its rise. Though a clever writer—that is to say, a clever imitator of the style of Jean Jacques Rousseau,—Bernardin de St. Pierre can scarcely be considered an original writer. His sensibility, though graceful at all times, approaches occasionally to mannerism—and his charity, of a kind rather romantic than Christian, is prone to shed fictitious tears, in which the heart has little part. His philosophy—gentle and accommodating—is nevertheless, if not without charm, at least without warmth; and, for want of a little nerve and vigour, it touches the heart but slightly. His false systems, puerile discoveries, and ambitious mania for detecting harmonies in all things, after having excited unspeakable interest for a time, ended by being scarcely deemed worthy even of refutation. But, notwithstanding all this, his one master-piece survives. His *Virginie*,—that pure and beautiful creation,—shelters her poet beneath her angel wings. The novel view of nature which breaks upon the reader in this book—the love of these two children upon those unknown shores—the tears which start into the eyes at every page—those details of an exquisite simplicity,—that style so limpid, the secret of which had then already begun to disappear from amongst us—all these are so many charming qualities, which will make this book long outlive all the systems of its author. And this unsophisticated little master-piece should be still the more dear to France, because, at the time of its appearance, were already heard the distant murmurs of that revolution which was about to silence her poets and her philosophers.

You perceive that the romance proceeds on its march in our literature, escorted by a formidable army. How would it be, then, did I avail myself of my right to speak in this place, of *Atala*, and of *Réné*—of the *Dernier des Abencerrages*, and of the *Martyrs*!—if I placed in the rank of the romancers the greatest writer of the age, and did not feel myself called upon to reserve for the latter part of this essay the name of M. de Chateaubriand!

Other names, however, claim our notice:—and first of all that of Madame de Genlis presents itself; one which, like that of M. Bernardin de St. Pierre, is already passing in the direction of oblivion, after having shed a splendour which was enhanced, at once, by her graces, her beauty, her conversation, and her smile. It is not to be denied that Madame de Genlis came before the world with many of those qualities which make great writers. A lively imagination—great activity of thought—much harmony and variety of language—an extensive knowledge of the world—many of those little childish graces, which rendered her attractive to the young of her own sex—enough of boldness to dare all, with enough of tact to pause at the right point, even amid her greatest daring—a restless soul, whose restlessness flew at everything—an insatiable ambition to see all things, know all things, guess at all things, and reveal all things—much frivolity, skillfully concealed beneath appearances—and some science:—these constitute the character of Madame de Genlis. What is there that she has not undertaken? and what epoch has been revisited by her? With equal thoughtlessness did she commit herself to the greatest and the most frivolous undertakings. One day she would teach the art of building castles of cards, that of cutting out engraved figures, or that of inventing devices—the next she would set herself to revise and re-model the entire Encyclopedia of Voltaire and Diderot. One day she employed herself upon education, and the next upon politics. She taught at the same time, Latin, and French, and Hebrew, and the harp. Sometimes she wrote a book in a week, and at others it took her a month to write a letter. He who would produce a book, (and the book would be one of great utility,) to be entitled, *L'histoire des Désordres de l'Esprit*, has but to write the literary history of Madame de

Genlis. She had no fixed opinions, either upon men or things. She wandered, with incredible facility, from the tale to the history, from philosophy to the romance, from verse to prose, from the *salon* to the theatre. She heaped volume upon volume, never weary—never having an instant of repose—nor, alas! of peace. Her life wasted away, amid agitations and deceptions of all kinds. She played, at Paris, the character which your Lady Hester Stanhope plays in the East, but with less of dignity and of happiness. Finally, Paris, after having seen this woman so brilliant and so honoured, beheld her, poor, unknown, neglected, forgotten, discontented—dying, at length, *incognita*—disappearing, without any one taking the trouble to inquire what had become of her who had been the preceptress of a monarch! A melancholy old age, hers,—and furnishing a melancholy proof of the necessity of something like moderation and logic, when men take pen in hand.

Nevertheless, from amid that undigested chaos—that deluge of styles—from amid that number innumerable of books, pamphlets, comedies, tales, histories, journals,—enterprises, in short, of all kinds—stands out one little master-piece, fresh and young, bewitching and graceful, full of tender interest, and commanding the fountain of pleasant tears. *Mademoiselle de Clermont* is a brilliant pearl, to be gratefully picked up from amid this literary *pêle mêle* of our century. *Ci git* Madame de Genlis, then, in one little duodecimo volume! Passer-by! a smile for those who died, and are buried in their own heavy lumber, leaving no single one of all their volumes to survive themselves.

Madame Cottin deserves likewise a place—and not far from Madame de Genlis. The works of this author have naturally taken the colour of her own correct and well-regulated life. We are apt, unconsciously,—especially where a woman is concerned—to transfer to the books of the author a portion of that respect which is due to her character. It is not to be doubted that the restless agitation of Madame de Genlis did great injury to her fame. Madame Cottin, whose sweet and simple pen glides over the passions, and stirs up none save their virtuous emotions, has left us *Clair d'Albe*, and, still better, *Malvina*—the fine and touching character of *Malvina*. You remember, no doubt, the noble girl, penetrating, under shelter of a disguise, into that house which had been shut against her; and saving, by her cares, the dying Edmond, her lover. *Amélie Mansfield* is the affecting history of prejudice. No declamation nor anger here,—the authoress tells her tale, and seeks to persuade you only through your tears. The *Exilés de la Sibirie*, in their profound self-denial, in their respectful submission to the hand which smites them, and in the whole narrative of their great but uncomplaining miseries, furnished perhaps to Silvio Pellico the first idea of his book, *Le Mie Prigioni*. Your great writer, Sir Walter Scott,—that master without a peer in his kingdom,—has exhibited the East and its captains, in several of his romances:—but Madame Cottin, long before Sir Walter Scott, had ventured to introduce into her romance of *Matilde*, the crusade of Philippe Auguste, and Richard Cœur de Lion, in the twelfth century. Richard, Philippe, Lusignan, Montmorency, Saladin, Malek Adhel, are great names—mighty heroes,—yet, under the fair hands of this gentle woman, they live and breathe—they love, fight, assault, and defend—wanting, undoubtedly, the informing mind, the grace, the capricious and enchanting irony of Sir Walter Scott's heroes—but, nevertheless, having life.

Another woman of calm genius and noble disposition, whom we have recently lost—Madame de Souza—has left behind her some of those pages which die not, because the heart dictated them. *Adèle de Sévanges* is just such a little book as was dear to our old literature: books full of freshness and of quiet, where all the sentiments are subjected to inviolable rules: exquisite little dramas, which make no display of their machinery—in which you hear not the rolling of the wheels. After escaping from the noise and bustle of our modern books, there is a feeling of delicious repose within the shadow of one of these quiet fictions, conducted without effort, and brought to their catastrophe without violence. After the loud and hoarse shoutings of the market-place, the ear listens willingly to

those soft gossipries of the *salon*, where no ruder sound is heard than the rustling of silks or the creaking of the new shoe; and no passions are stirred but the peaceful ones which feed themselves upon lulling melodies, and eschew the over-excitement of the hautboy and of the trumpet. Such a book is Madame de Souza's *Adèle de Sévanges*. What are the materials of this story? Less than nothing. A young and noble girl, who leaves her convent to marry an old husband—a young Englishman, who takes it into his head to love Adèle, but in all honour—walks in the park, close conversations in the *salon*, pleasant visits to the convent—and, afar in the back-ground, the murmurs of this restless world, whose distant profile is shown, with its absurdities, its vanities, and its madness,—these make up the work of Madame de Souza. And this passion, thus restrained and disciplined, after having alternated between hope and despair, ends at length by giving precedence to duty, and exclaiming with the Cardinal de Bernis, "I will wait." It is remarkable, that this touching romance appeared in 1793, at the most fearful moment of our history: it was the offspring of emigration; and its amiable author might truly say, *Paupertas impulit audax ut versus facerem!* And yet what touching moderation does it display. Written as it was in exile, it bears not a single trace of the exile's tears and sorrows—not a regret, not a reproach. This youthful woman, driven from the Louvre, in which she had apartments—who had seen her husband butchered, and had saved nothing from the wreck of her fortunes, save only her young child, utters not a complaint. *Adèle de Sévanges* is the sister of *Virginie*, of *Mademoiselle de Clermont*, of the *Princesse de Clèves*, of *Malvina*. If it were designed to point out the most charming type of the society of the last century, Madame de Souza should be named. She was descended, in a right line, from that polished and prudent school which Madame de Maintenon had formed around her in her old age. She had all the grace, all the wit and accomplishments, all the religion, and all the coquetry, of that distinguished period. For the preservation of that tradition of good sense and politeness, France had been indebted to the same young daughters of St. Cyr, who had created the parts of *Eather* and of *Athalie*; and of that vanished society, Madame de Souza was, so to speak, the most perfect and the most charming reflection. She is lately dead—this woman of so much grace, and so much taste; and with her has disappeared an entire century. In losing her we have lost a model of refinement, wit, modesty, and urbanity.

If Madame de Souza admirably represents the close of the eighteenth century, Madame de Duras, on the other hand, represents the Restoration in all of elegance and politeness of which the Restoration can boast. Whilst all parties were yet in contention, at the moment when the old royalist society was at war with the young royalist society, Madame de Duras linked the opposing spirits in one common bond of grace and of good taste. This elevated lady comprehended the possibility, by a little good-will, of uniting the past and the present, by yielding a little to the exigencies of some, and a little to the ambition of others. No one occupied a position more advantageous for undertaking—I will not say for effecting—this conciliation than Madame de Duras. She held the first rank, in right of her name, in the old society, and the first, by virtue of her talents, in the new. The past she knew intimately, from having lived in it—the present well, from having deeply studied it. She was earnestly devoted to all which made the glory of her country, and liberty she held to constitute one of its glories.

Madame la Duchesse de Duras was the daughter of the Comte de Kersaint, a gallant seaman—one of the boasts of Bretagne, and one of the martyrs of the French revolution. She was scarcely ten years old when the revolution began; and she saw the two persons whom, in the world, she most respected—the king and her father—perish on the scaffold. Amid the incredible cowardice of that period, alike dishonouring to the victims and the butchers, the Comte de Kersaint, alone, had the courage to return his murderers insult for insult, and to treat them with such scorn as became a gentleman, covered with laurels, towards wretches banded against him. On his death, flight became necessary, and his wife (whose reason

was, alas! shaken by her grief carried her daughter to America. From the tenderest age, Louise de Kersaint, left alone in the world (for she soon lost her mother), administered the property of her family. It was in England, and still during the emigration, that she married the Duc de Duras. She returned to France during the Consulate, but lived hidden in an old chateau in Touraine, far from the impromptu court and its impromptu monarch. There she dwelt—though not so well hidden but that M. de Chateaubriand found her out, and also Madame de Staël,—and with them all the noble spirits of France; and, at a later period, when the restoration had brought back all its importance to the name of Duras, the *salon* of the Duchesse attracted the most illustrious guests. Cuvier, Rémusat, M. de Montmorency, M. Molé, M. de Villèle, M. Villemain, M. de Talleyrand himself (who exclaimed aloud, "Behold the old society restored!") were found at the house of this lady, great in the true sense of the word. Such was the spell of Madame de Duras, but it was a spell whose secret was as yet undiscovered. The idea of writing had never entered her head, when, one day, as she was relating in her *salon* the story of Ourika, her friends besought her to commit the tale to paper. The very next day Madame de Duras began the work; two days afterwards the little romance was finished; and thus it was that Madame de Duras became an author.

*Ourika* and *Edouard* (the second romance by the same lady) are, alike, the story of *Inequality* amongst men, regarded in a positive point of view. *Ourika* is separated from the world by the colour of her skin, *Edouard* by his birth. Madame de Duras is less calm and less resigned than Madame de Souza; she remembers *The Reign of Terror*, and speaks of it—she remembers the past, and boasts of it. However she may espouse conciliation in her *salon*, in her books she defends the reign of Prejudice aloud. She is willing to make to peace every sacrifice save that of her written opinion; but then those poor creatures whom she crushes beneath the weight of that prejudice—the one because she is black, and the other because he is not of gentle blood—how, afterwards, does she lift them above their social prostration as she speaks to them of heaven—that country on whose threshold stop all the prejudices of the world! Thus, while Madame de Souza lingered in the world of her youth, without caring to remember the existence of any other, Madame de Duras seized upon the *reality* of things, and boldly proclaimed that there could not be any equality amongst men. She replaced once more upon its pedestal, the ancient French society, which no human effort had been able entirely to destroy; and restored to it what was more in its estimation than its privileges, or its fortunes, or its ruined chateaux and confiscated estates—she gave it back its Prejudices.

Madame de Duras wrote naturally, simply, without mannerism, and without effort; her language is that of plain narration. She keeps as far as possible aloof from the revolutionary style and ideas, which she held in horror. In the midst of her successes of the *salon* and her prosperous friendships, she became a prey to physical suffering, which never again left her. She died at Nice, in 1829, calm and resigned, like a Christian woman of heart and of genius as she was—bitterly wept and deeply regretted by her friends—happy in that she died ere her deathbed could be disturbed by a revolution, as her childhood had been. You will, some day, read a funeral oration worthy of Madame de Duras, in the *Memoirs* of Monsieur de Chateaubriand.

Another romance writer, who, at least by his success and by his language full of Atticisms, may be considered the equal of Madame de Duras—M. Charles Nodier—after having all his life bent the knee to *Fantasy*—the muse most worshipped in modern times—is now a grave academician, labouring night and day in the correction of dictionaries, and thinking no more of the pretty little romances of his early years. In the history—that is to say, the present history of contemporary literature (for of his place in the future which of us is sure?)—M. Charles Nodier ought to hold his ground, for he wrote in French long before the fine language of France had come once again into fashion; he loved books long before the love of books had come back amongst us; and he had written *Jean Shogar*, *Thérèse Aubert*, *Le Peintre*

de Salzbourg, long before the absurd and unmeaning words *romantique*, *genre romantique*, had been pronounced in France.

M. Charles Nodier may be called the happy—because the unambitious—man of the literary world. Had he so chosen he might have led the march of modern thought, for all its novelties he had divined and foreseen; but his remarkable and fortunate indifference has ever saved him from the glory of inventors. He has kept himself as far as he could apart from fame; avoiding it with as much care as others take to seek it, and profoundly occupied, all his life, with insects, and flowers, and butterflies, and old ponderous books, and other passions of the same tranquil cast. His science is, at least, equal to his imagination, and yet no one suspects his science—not even himself. It came to him he knows not how—for he does not even know that he is an indefatigable student. He has learned, by accident, all languages, he knows all histories, he has read all books—to say nothing of his having published a great number, the titles of which he has forgotten—but what matter to him! He has made ingenious discoveries on the French language, which would have established the fame of twenty grammarians. He has written pages of prose to which M. de Chateaubriand would put his name, and verses that M. de Lamartine would not disown. He has travelled much, thought much, and listened much. He has been the friend of all the men of our century who were worth anything. More than once, too, it has been his lot to play a part—and an important part—in politics. But, as he has parcelled out his life into a thousand divisions—as he has carried into this quarter, and into that, at hazard, without method, and without rule, the forms of his genius—as he has never sought to be seriously either a *savant*, or a poet, or a romance writer, or a grammarian, or a philosopher, or a politician—no, nor even an academician—his fame has wanted strength to make its way in the world; and his glory, which should have been resplendent, has, by being too much divided, remained in shadow;—and that is precisely what he wished. He has never sought for or desired an accession of power or of glory. It was sufficient for him to have success in his own circle—so far as his own shadow reached. It was to himself, and for himself, that he related those beautiful little tales, to which he is ignorant that others have listened. But how choice a book could be made with those other little stories which he has uttered to himself so low that no one could hear them. How many a splendid poem is buried for ever in the heart of Charles Nodier—how many an ingenious paradox; and how well must he be entertained when he communes silently with himself, with that calm and pleasant smile of his—the smile of a man who has gathered, without desiring or knowing it, more reputations than he sought! *Jean Shogar*, *Trilby*, *Thérèse Aubert*, the *Souvenirs* and the *Poésies* of Charles Nodier, form themselves a separate chapter in the literary history of our time. They who are in a hurry to complete their knowledge may without loss, leave that particular chapter unread; but men of taste, those well-constituted minds who are never in haste to reach the end, will on the contrary, read that separate chapter with the same interest which one commonly gives to the confidential communications of a man of genius and of talent who relates to us the story of all his good fortunes.

The apparent indifference of M. Mérimée to fame should not be confounded with the charming and utter indifference of M. Charles Nodier. With M. Charles Nodier this is simply modesty; with M. Mérimée it is either more than modesty or less. M. Mérimée is emphatically a man of genius, as M. Nodier is a man of sentiment. Fame the former has looked upon in its ironical point of view, and despised it with all his might—much after the well-known tactics of a cockcomb who seeks to make sure of a coquette. He has gone his own way—at the sole direction of his own caprice—well assured that the caprice of a man of genius is a path easy to travel, and leading always to something. Thus the very self-abandonment of M. Mérimée is studied—his very irregularity calculated. He refused to mix himself up with the literary coteries, because the coteries were worn out. He would not confine himself exclusively to the middle age or to the sixteenth century, because he foresaw that the time was at hand when the

French public would have nothing more to do with them. He would be no man's disciple, because he had no faith in the stability of the chiefs of the various schools;—and neither would he encourage any disciples of his own, because he knew that the inexperience of a disciple, sooner or later, falls on the head of the master. From the day when first he betook himself to writing, all the presentiments of M. Mérimée have been confirmed; and now, finding himself safe and sound, amid so many shipwrecks, he more than ever congratulates himself on his skillful and fortunate seclusion. *Suave mari magno*, &c.

M. Mérimée's first work, the *Théâtre de Clara Gazul*, published in the midst of other literary occupations, was received silently and without acclaim. One part of the public, taking literally the author's preface, believed, on the faith of his word, that they had actually before them a translation of the *Théâtre* of a Spanish female comedian—a daring genius, which went beyond Lopez de Vega himself. Others, the more skillful—those who judge for themselves, and after an attentive perusal only—not finding in these pretended Spanish comedies either the passionate delicacy of sentiment, or the heroic expression of love proper to such—nor the extreme Castilian gallantry, nor the vagabond incidents of Calderon and of Lopez de Vega—nor, finally, the rage for those romantic events which happen by night beneath the balconies of the beautiful Andalusians, exclaimed to themselves at the very first, "There is no Spanish comedy here!" and then, on a second reading of the *Théâtre de Clara Gazul*, finding the dialogue neat, pointed, cutting, full of wit, gaiety, and sentiment, the same judges exclaimed, "This is French comedy!"—but they kept the secret to themselves.

This pasticcio having once succeeded, M. Mérimée published a second, with the title of *La Guzla*. Greece was, at that time, the rage, and M. Faurel had recently published the songs of the Klephtes; but France, which had already enough of original songs, took little notice of imitations. Nearly the same neglect attended another decoy of an historical character, called *La Jacquerie*, which was supported by a terrible drama, *La Famille Carvajal*—a clever and atrocious pleasantry, written in jest, and taken in earnest,—as has often happened in our day.

After all these ambiguities and all these fictions, the author of *Clara Gazul* disclosed himself, at length, in a very fine romance, superior to all which he had hitherto written—*La Chronique de Charles IX.* On this occasion, all his patient and minute investigation into old times bore fruit. The gallantry which was French gallantry in the sixteenth century, sparkles in the charming person of *Madame de Turgin*, and *Mergy* is truly the adventurous chevalier, the bold lover of Charles the Ninth's time. The thousand adventures which follow each other throughout this entire book—the rude amours—the terrible duel—the introduction of the king himself (who appears once, and reveals himself in all his reality)—the *St. Barthélemy*, whose tolling serves as the signal for a lover's rendezvous—the kisses and clashing of swords—the blood and the love—form an admirably-managed and highly interesting *mélange*. Nevertheless, it is the fault of this author, that, cold at all times, and ever self-possessed, he narrates all these dangers and terrors without any appearance of being moved by them himself. He seems as if he were an entire stranger to the book which he is writing, so little care does he take to arrange his plot, to dispose his incidents—so completely does he leave to themselves, and to fortune, those happy fictions which he alone could have invented, but which he is unskilled to turn to their full account.

The *Chronique de Charles IX.* is the last long-winded book which its author published. He said, like Lafontaine, "I am afraid of long works;" and thereupon he betook himself to the composition of short tales, which he wrote *con amore*, polished, re-read, and gave, hesitatingly, at last, to the public; but which the public devoured with avidity. *Matteo Falcone* commenced the series of these little masterpieces, so full of harmony, of art, of taste, and of self-restraint. That Corsican, who puts his son to death, because he had betrayed the rights of hospitality, is a very Corsican indeed. Each word and each moment of the recital keep your interest and emotion in action: literary skill can go no higher than in this



Le Vase Etrusque gave absolutely to M. Mérimée that popularity so much disdained by others, but which he received with enthusiasm. There is throughout it something emphatically Parisian. That woman, and that young man, are exhibited with surpassing skill! they are presented with breasts so transparent, as it were, that it is easy to see through into every movement of their hearts. It is impossible to understand all the truth of this recital, without having been a frequenter of some splendid and select salon of the Faubourg St. Germain; and therefore all the *belle société* of our time proclaimed M. Mérimée its "story-teller in ordinary," and it rested with himself alone to occupy for ever the place which M. de Balzac has taken only in his default.

But the author of *Matteo Falcone* and *Le Vase Etrusque* is too wise a man to undertake the difficult task of endlessly and unceasingly amusing his contemporary men, and still less would he undertake the amusement of his contemporary women—a frivolous race, who consume more books, in a year, than they do yards of ribbon, new shoes, or pots of *range végétal*. The title of "*Conteur, suivant les Salons de Paris*," which had been so readily accorded to him, M. Mérimée renounced in all haste, and felt himself by no means reassured as to his own safety till that heavy burthen had fallen entirely on the broad and improvident shoulders of M. de Balzac. From that moment M. Mérimée has abdicated the profession of a story-teller, and has been a traveller, an antiquary, an archaeologist—all characters little amusing in their own nature, but in which, nevertheless, he can scarcely avoid being the most amusing, as he is the ablest and most judicious of narrators.

And now we come at length, and fairly, to the Modern Romance writers—the romance writers of yesterday—the imaginations with which the multitude occupy themselves to-day, and with which, perhaps, to-morrow they will occupy themselves no longer. I shall therefore speak, at some length, of M. Alfred de Vigny, of M. Eugène Sue, of M. de Balzac; and after them, of all the small romance writers who swarm on the literary ant-hill, as well as of the greater ones—and lastly, of that one who is laid over us all, by brilliancy of imagination and magnificence of style—that writer without a peer, whom your prudish and pedantic England has insulted without knowing—the master of all contemporary writers—George Sand.

Of the four or five romancers whom I have just named, and whose history will complete this long chapter upon French romance, there are some who might as properly be classed either amongst the poets, the dramatic authors, or the critics; and therefore it is that it becomes necessary to place the romances of those particular authors out of the common line, since our century is not the century of universal geniuses. The times are gone by with us when a single man wrote, with a superiority which was equal in all, *Zaire* and *Candide*, the *Henriade*, and the *Lami* sur *les Mœurs*. M. Victor Hugo, the great poet, has, it is true, written *Notre Dame de Paris* and *le dernier Jour d'un Condamné*. I believe, however, that he himself prefers to these two books *Les Feuilles d'Automne* and *Les Orientales*. At the same time, in admitting the double success of M. Victor Hugo as romance writer and as poet, we are compelled also to admit his failure in the drama. It is not our fault, therefore, if, in speaking of those universal spirits who undertake, with equal readiness, verse and prose, drama and history, we are obliged to point out that the one makes better verse than prose, and the other succeeds better in romance than in history or the drama. It is the fault of that ambition which will not acknowledge the old French proverb, applicable in literature more than in anything else, *qui trop embrasse mal étreint*.

We will begin, then, with M. Alfred de Vigny, because his genius is perhaps the most distinguished amongst those which may be applied to all the forms of imagination and of thought. M. Alfred de Vigny is two years older than this century, and four than M. Victor Hugo. He took up arms at the moment when military France was about to halt in the march of glory, yet not so late but that the young lieutenant was witness to the latest battles of the tricoloured flag. Of the life of camps, therefore, he has known little beyond its idleness and its ennui; and the imperial glory he saw but the last gleams. He

has been a soldier during fifteen years of peace and quietness; he had been educated for battle, but has been obliged to live in the *Corps de Garde*—a wearisome life! The young man, however, who had already learned to live within himself, bore its wearisomeness with resignation. He made of his barracks a *retraite de Bénédiction*, where each hour of the day had its rule and duty; he read the Bible, and wrote verses—fugitive pieces, smooth, without enthusiasm and without aim; but which proved, at a later period, to have been a labour of excellent discipline, when the poet betook himself to the writing of prose. Never would M. Alfred de Vigny have reached the style of his *Cinq Mars* had he not previously written, with great labour, such a quantity of verse.

Shall we speak at all of those small poems for which I fear their author professes too great an esteem? *Eloa*, bringing a faint and faded memory of your great poet Milton—*Moïse*, an abortive elegy—*Dolorida*, a tragedy without point—*Le Déluge*, a bad ode badly written—*Le Bain d'une Dame Romaine*, a poor imitation of André Chenier! No: we have not time to dwell upon these sounding nothings—the *nuga canora* of which Horace speaks. These essays of a feeble muse learning to fly are not worth interest or study. Luckily, after *Eloa*, in 1826, came the romance of *Cinq Mars*; and here, at length, we have the work of a great genius and a distinguished writer. *Cinq Mars* includes the finest and most profound study which has ever been made of Louis XIII. and the Cardinal de Richelieu, his master. What Sir Walter Scott has done for Louis XI. in his *Quentin Durward*, M. Alfred de Vigny has undertaken with Louis XIII. in his *Cinq Mars*. This book is most skilfully arranged for suddenly producing a powerful effect on the soul of the reader—I had almost said of the spectator. Three principal personages present themselves for the accomplishment of this fearful drama—Richelieu, Louis XIII., and M. Le Grand; that is to say, the despot, the slave, and the victim. The terrible and pitiless Richelieu has a struggle to maintain, as yet, in the mind of the weak Louis against the ascendancy of Anne of Austria. In that struggle the Cardinal has need of a second, and has called to his aid Henri d'Effiat, Marquis de Cinq Mars. That Richelieu may reign undisturbed, the exile of the queen-mother is necessary. Henri d'Effiat, the tool of the Cardinal-Duke, however, soon grows ashamed of the miserable part which he has undertaken, and refuses longer to be a plaything for the king, or a snare in the hands of the Cardinal: he revolts against the common tyrant of them all, and resolves that the Cardinal shall fall by his means. He offers deliverance to the king, and the king accepts it; and now the contest changes its subjects, and is, henceforth, between the Cardinal and Cinq Mars. And, for the purpose of enlivening, with the colouring of some younger and worthier passions, the gloomy picture of these ambitions, conspiracies, and revolts, open and concealed, Anne of Austria, the young Marie, and M. de Thou—that is to say, a forsaken queen, a young girl beloved, and a devoted friend—make up the rest of the book;—and pervaded and governed as it is from end to the other by that red man, who is its hero and its subject, the action is kept always rapid, and the interest all-powerful.

This romance of M. Alfred de Vigny made, at first, but little sensation amongst us. We were, at that time, in the article of romances, busy with the romances of Sir Walter Scott—and in the article of French literature generally, we were busy with the dispute between the romantic and the classic schools. We compared together, (without, as I verily believe, at all understanding each other,) Baiff and Despréaux, Racine and Shakespeare. France, therefore, was very much surprised when, gradually, she found out that she had a fine romance of her own,—fine in execution, fine in style—an historical romance, without being a wretched plagiarism from Sir Walter Scott. The romance of M. Alfred de Vigny made, from that moment, and by little and little, its fortune in the world,—and finally reached, without the aid of puffs or coteries or controversies, and by its unassisted strength, the high rank which it holds amongst contemporary works; so true is it that there is always, sooner or later, justice for the works of men—even for their finest!

After having passed from poetry to romance, with so much success, one might have supposed that M. Alfred de Vigny would have adhered to romance, as being certainly his true vocation. But, no—it would seem as if the falsest ambition spared not even the most distinguished mind. M. Alfred de Vigny was, all at once, seized with a dramatic ambition; and for his first essay what think you he chose? He set himself to translate, verse for verse, the *Othello* of your great Shakespeare.—*Othello*, in French verse! *Othello*, all filled with that oriental passion!—*Iago*, too!—and *Desdemona*!—and the Doge and Senate of Venice—Venice, at once, the egotistical and the passionate, which flings into the Moorish arms its white Venetian maid! and all the fine poetry of Shakespeare! and that burning, measureless, and immortal passion!—All this translated—word for word—*verbum verbo*! Success was impossible! It was the struggle, hand to hand, of an infant against a giant. M. Alfred de Vigny ought to have known that Shakespeare had, long ago, attained sanctuary from all the attempts of translators. Voltaire, who called Shakespeare a barbarian, and howled with rage at the very sound of his name—so well did he foresee its future of imperishable glory—Voltaire had contrived to copy, as far as the French genius could permit, *Othello* and *Desdemona*. Voltaire's *Othello* was called *Orosmanes*, and the victim's name was *Zaire*. He had arranged, after the French fashion, the African passions, which he himself could not understand. The France of Voltaire's time thought all that quite oriental enough:—had he dared to give it *Iago*, even diluted down to the level of *Orosmanes*, of a surety France would have revolted against it. At a later period, when Voltaire was dead, a good gentleman of the name of Ducis, who had great poetic credit with us, took into his head that he had been born, and sent into this world, for the express purpose of arranging, copying, translating, re-casting, and beautifying the dramas of Shakespeare. The good Ducis had no misgivings about the task to which he had, so innocently, condemned himself. He cut largely into the genius of Shakespeare; and—which I hope will surprise you no little—the contemporaries of Ducis found his imitations excellent. Shakespeare, thus disfigured, drew down plaudits. Our great tragedian, Talma, had taken these horrible mutilations under the protection of his daring and his genius. What would have been Shakespeare's thought, could he have seen his master-pieces dealt with thus! Each of his tragedies was adorned by the French translator with two catastrophes, entirely distinct—the one happy and the other unhappy, *à l'idée des personnes* ("to suit the tastes of individuals"), as the signboards of the Parisian hair-dressers say. Thus, in the one, *Desdemona* (*Edelnone*) is smothered by the Moor, who kills himself, directly afterwards, on the body of his victim; in the other, people come in, in time to save the lives of *Othello* and his mistress. Is not this gentleman's, I ask you, a sufficiently strange poetic conscience?

And it is exactly because *Zaire* had succeeded with us—exactly because the Shakespeare of M. Ducis had been successful,—that M. Alfred de Vigny should never have dreamt of translating, for the third time, this impossible master-piece of the English Theatre. A nation which had been so long contented with the *Othello* of Shakespeare. Besides, where is the man bold enough to say, "I am about to speak to you the language of Shakespeare?" where is he who dares contend with those burning words of passion, of love, of hate, and of glory, in all the sublimity which passion, and love, and hate, and glory can reach? An impossible labour for M. de Vigny, above all others—and against that rock, therefore, has he split. M. Alfred de Vigny's translation of *Othello* is a wretched puerility. He has attempted to translate, not merely Shakespeare's drama, but his style, likewise. He has not even shrunk before the *jeux de mots*, the puns, the conceits, and the little Italian graces which were so pleasing to Queen Elizabeth—that "fair vestal thrond by the west." Imagine the French *Parterre* sitting to witness this miserable parody—opening all their eyes to see, and all their ears to hear. In spite, however, of the strenuous efforts of a devoted *Parterre*, the play dragged itself painfully into a final oblivion. Shakespeare and M. Alfred de Vigny were interred, on the same day, at the Théâtre Français. Of all

those who witnessed the representation of this Traveſtie, there are perhaps not ten who do not, now, infinitely prefer M. Ducis to Shakspeare—the natural consequence of that unlucky attempt. Lafontaine ſaid long ago, “*mieux vaudrait un ſage ennemi*,” “a wiſe enemy would have done me leſs harm.”

This ſignal failure, however, which he was far from expecting, has not ſerved to warn M. de Vigny away from the ſtage. Surely, thoſe four wooden ſlides, hidden behind a curtain, which are called a ſtage, muſt have an unaccountable attraction, ſince nothing can counteract it even in thoſe imprudent beings who, nevertheless, ſhatter themſelves to pieces againſt it, like glaſs. In all other arts, it happens, for the moſt part, that he who cannot ſucceed, retires with a good grace. An orator, unliſtened to—a painter, diſregarded—quickly diſappear, and hide themſelves in the protecting ſhadow of the mediocrities. So alſo with the poet who cannot find readers; he ceases to ſing, cursing to himſelf the bad taſte of the age upon which he has fallen. But, the dramatic author! He is not to be wearied out—he is without fear, and without remorse. Let him once have reached the theatre, and march on he muſt; and ſo he does march, from fall to fall, but taking no heed. Hiſſes cannot ſtop him; he muſt run his career to its end. All our men of genius are thus conſtituted. Look at M. Victor Hugo; ſee his ſucceſſes in books, and his failures on the ſtage,—yet he is mad for the ſtage, and has ceaſed to write books! And thus it is with M. Alfred de Vigny; he writes a juſtly-admired romance, and brings on the ſtage a translation which is very juſtly hisſed,—and yet, inſtead of returning to his romances, he returns to the ſtage! The ſubject of his ſecond dramatic effort was *La Maréchale d'Ancre*; and, mark his unfortunate obſtinacy, it turned out not a drama, but a romance! Had the author kept in his natural line, he would have produced a worthy pendant to *Cinq Mars*; but, by forcing his nature, he has only produced a worthy pendant to his tragedy of *Othello*. As well as I remember, the plot of *La Maréchale d'Ancre* was hidden in a dark antiquity: all things therein were obſcure and ill explained. The uſeful developements of the romance—that luminousneſs of narration which puts itſelf on terms of underſtanding with the reader,—were wholly wanting to the action of this piece, which the author would force into the form of a drama. The early acts dragged themſelves along, through ſcene after ſcene, ſeeking an intereſt and an emotion which continually eſcaped. Some fine individual ſcenes, arrived at painfully and with effort, were ſcarcely ſufficient to ſuſtain the tragedy;—and this time, alſo, the author was compelled to confeſs to himſelf that he had ſtrangely miſtaken his powers. Then, at laſt, diſgusted with the ſtruggle, he returned to romance.

*Stello, ou les Conſultations du Docteur Noir*, is far inferior to the firſt romance of M. Alfred de Vigny. There is ſomething ſickly and conſtrained about it, which deſtroys the entire intereſt: the action and the deſign of the book, the genius even of the characters, diſappear and are obliterated, beneath an imenſe quantity of details, which are often puerile. Then there is that hackneyed and monotonous complaint raiſed in the cauſe of the poets, and which, in my opinion, relates to ſubjects too material for poeſy to buſy itſelf about. If the poet die of hunger—if he be without bread, and ſhelter, and clothing—what matter, if he be indeed a poet? Poeſy itſelf is youth, and life, and fortune, and hope, and bliſs! It is the expanſion of the ſoul, and of the heart, and of the ſenſes! To be a poet is to be all in this world! Happy is the poet, be he poor, or dying, or perſecuted. Happy the poet, ſwimming like Camoens, amid the waves of the ſea, and bearing his maſter-piece above the waters—happy the poet, ſinging, in his glorious verſes the fall of angels, and recording for us the ecſtaſies and peace of Para-diſe—happy the poet, wandering, ſtaff in hand, and ſinging of “Achilles’ wrath” to the labourers of Greece! Why this uſeleſs pity for the poets? Have ever they dreamt of murmuring over the miſeries of their lot—theſe choſen of God!—whoſe life is a paſſage of trial and of glory? Poeſy alone is happineſs ſupreme. Ask Dante, the proſcribed, if he would exchange his wandering life againſt the gilded roof of his perſecutors! Ask Taſſo if he

would leave his madhouse, on the condition that he ſhould caſt to the flames the verſes of the ‘Jerusalem!’ Ask Cervantes if he will barter Don Quixotte for a king’s penſion! and they will tell you—all, all—that they are happy in their glory; that their genius ſuffices them to exiſt upon; that “man liveth not by bread alone;” that it is for them to weep over thoſe who are only rich and powerful in the world: in a word, that life is a means, and not an end,—and that the end of life is glory! What matter, then, if that glorious end be reached in an equipage, or afoot, ſo only that it be reached? It is not to be doubted that there is a Providence for poets, as there is for infants—a God who leads them by the hand, and knows how they ſhould be led. Let us ſhed no tears over miſfortunes, which are not miſfortunes at all!—Gilbert, Chatterton, and André Chénier, are M. Alfred de Vigny’s three ſpecial types of miſfortune among poets; and theſe are three deſtinies of which ſociety may fairly ſay “I am not guilty!” “*Innocens ſum*!” Gilbert ventured, ſingle-handed, to attack the entire eighteenth century;—he ſtormed, cruſhed, killed, made ſociety tremble before him—and then died, overthrown by his own violent and furious effort. Gilbert died of his triumph. Chatterton, in as far as I am competent to form a judgment in the matter, is not a poet of the ſame elevation as Gilbert. He perished from pride. André Chénier died—unfortunate young man!—the victim, not of his poeſy, but of *The Terror*—that dreadful vampire which acknowledged neither kings, nor poets, nor young maidens,—devouring all its victims alike in cold blood, and without aſking their names. Compaſſionate all three of them,—but without erecting them into the mournful emblems of poetic miſfortune. Do not let us ſurround the name of Chatterton with the qualities of innocence and genius, for the purpoſe of cursing England in that name. Neither let us cruſh the eighteenth century beneath that of Gilbert. Of a truth, the satire of Gilbert can never prevail againſt the *Esprit des Loix*, and the *Encyclopédie*. And, finally, curſe not *The Terror* of Robespierre, in the ſole name of Chénier—for, with Chénier, *The Terror* butchered, on the ſame ſcaffold, Louis XVI., and Marie Antoinette, and the ſainted Elizabeth of France,—and all that old ſociety, unrivalled in the world, which perished then, never to be reſtored.

Not contented with having, in his romance, iſſued this violent anathema againſt ſociety, in the name of the poets, who diſavow it, M. Alfred de Vigny has alſo determined upon launching his accuſation, from the high-place of the Theatre. Accordingly he has taken out of his book Chatterton—Bell the Quaker, with his two children—and others,—and made them ſpeak, act, and die, on the ſtage, as in his volumes. Whiſt, then, his book is like a drama, his drama is like his book: and thus, the active and varied genius of M. Alfred de Vigny has never been, as far as I remember, *Cinq Mars*, alone, excepted,—ſufficiently confident in itſelf to ſay, previous to undertaking a new work, “I ſet out from this point, and am going to that.” He ſtops by the way, at the firſt obſtacle,—inſtead of clearing which away, he goes round it. Hence ariſe the conſtraint, and the painful effort, and the embarrassment, which are viſible in even his beſt compositions. You need not, therefore, aſk why it is that the talents of M. Alfred de Vigny are not of a popular order.

His laſt work, *Servitude et Grandeur Militaires*, is neither more nor leſs than the ſecond volume of *Stello*—only that, this time, inſtead of the miſfortunes of poeſy, they are the miſfortunes of military glory which are treated of. Here, again, the ſame ſickly prejudice has got poſſeſſion of the writer. Whether he ſpeaks of the ſoldier or of the poet, M. Alfred de Vigny a little reminds one of that evil-ſpired prophet, who, at the Siege of Jeruſalem by the Emperor Titus, went about crying, “Woe to Jeruſalem!—woe to Jeruſalem!” In conſequence of his perpetual cry of “Woe to Jeruſalem!” the unhappy prophet was ſtruck by an arrow, and fell, crying “Woe to me!” Is not this juſt what M. Alfred de Vigny does? He is a poet, and he cries “Woe to the poets!”—he is a ſoldier, and he cries “Woe to the ſoldiers!”—It is but crying,—for his book wants both intereſt and truth,—“Woe to me!—woe to me!”—For mercy’s ſake, if

you be a poet, quit not the lyre for the ſcalpel—ſeek not to probe to the quick the ſentiments, the paſſions, and the intereſts of men. Be ſatisfied ſtill to ſtudy them, clothed in the ſmooth and transparent ſkin of beauty and of youth. What will your cutting, diſſecting, and probing to the quick, bring you?—an experience which kills heart and ſoul!

Let M. Alfred de Vigny, every day of his life, return thanks to that bright and eloquent ſtar which led him to Louis XIII. and the Cardinal de Richelieu.

[To be continued on the 20th.]

#### NORDMANN'S SCIENTIFIC TOUR ON THE EAST COAST OF THE BLACK SEA.

Profeſſor Von Nordmann went laſt year with a com-miſſion from the Academy of Sciences, to make a ſcientific tour on the eaſt coaſt of the Black Sea, and we were ſo long without any intelligence from him, that we began to be apprehenſive for his ſafety. At length a letter has been received, written at the end of laſt year, to M. Baer, member of the Academy at St. Petersburg, in which he gives an account of his return, in ſafety, to Sebaſtopol; but paints, in lively colours, the hardships and the dangers to which he and his travelling companion, M. Th. Dollinger, had been expoſed. The danger aroſe partly from the ſavage and hoſtile diſpoſition of the inhabitants of the Caucasian coaſt, and partly from the climate, which, in the ſouthern provinces, very ſeriouſly affected our travellers. They had neither of them entirely recovered from fevers, when this firſt news was deſpatched. M. Dollinger fell dangerously ill in Mingrelia—and a ſervant, whom they took with them from Odessa, returned in a hopeleſs ſtate; and of four Cossacks, and three young ſoldiers, who ſucceſſively acted as cook, not one returned. Five died from illneſs in the courſe of the ſummer, and two were ſhot by the Abaſcians. “At every ſtep in all Abaſcia,” writes our traveller, “you muſt be ready to defend yourſelf, except in the narrow tract commanded by the fortreſſes.” It appears clear enough, from Nordmann’s letter, that the power of Ruſſia on the eaſtern coaſt of the Black Sea, is recognized by the mountain tribes no further than the guns of their fortreſſes can reach, and the efforts of the government to put an end to the ſlave trade which has been ſo long carried on upon this coaſt, has increaſed the hoſtility of the inhabitants. We add ſome extracts from the Profeſſor’s letters. The general hiſtory and reſults of his travels cannot be published till all the materials are properly arranged.

“From Sebaſtopol we ſailed to the fortreſs of Gelintſchik, in the country of the hoſtile Schapsugs. We arrived there on the 12th of April, and ſpent four days in botanizing and collecting in the environs, protected by an eſcort of 150 men, with one cannon, and a pack of hounds, which were to find out the Circasſians concealed in the thickets. Every excuſion was at the peril of our lives, and the reſults by no means ſatisfactory. The immediate vicinity is bare, and the more diſtant mountains too unſafe. The gariſon ſcarcely dares to go out of the fortreſs. Felling wood, fetching water, and leading the cattle to paſture, can be done only under the protection of a military eſcort. Here there is no appearance of that vegetation, which further to the ſouth—for inſtance, at Suchum-Kalé, Pizunda, &c., exhibits a luxuriance and magnificence which it is difficult to deſcribe. From Gelintſchik we ſailed to the ſecond ſtation, Suchum-Kalé, at which place, and in the neighbourhood, we remained ſix weeks, and viſited, by land, Keluſura, Iſkuria, Drandi, with the ſplendid remains of a temple, ſtill in very good preſervation, Cape Codor, where I diſcovered ſome new ſpecies of fiſh, and further to the north, Old Suchum, Anakopi, Piſireli, Bambora or Lechna, the reſidence of Prince Michael Bey, the ruler of Abaſcia, and Pizunda, the ancient Pityus, with the temple built by Juſtinian. The diſtance from Pizunda to Drandarium is 110 verſts (about 74 Engliſh miles), and we tra-verſed it ſeveral times on horſeback. Near Pizunda we found a new ſpecies of pine, *Pinus Pitiusa*. The neareſt chain of mountains extends about 30 verſts from Bambora, parallel with the coaſt. With the aid of Michael Bey we undertook a formal military expedition to the ſummit of the mountain Nirſchna, in the country of the tribe of Pſo. No European had ever before ſet foot here; and we collected with real enthu-

iasm the firſt day of the fifth day, loſt a man. Metchichi, of Suchum half a verſt diſtance, muſt have obliged the aid of of kets. In a in our hands in Abaſcia.

“When went firſt in the maſe we rode on St. Nicholas, tentable co Nicholas, i, which From St. bliſhed our of inveſtigation from Kobu this mount named Ku running wa landing pl six times; Oriental; now, ſubj Achalik co Dollinger which ſubſ my ſervant fever. Ou caught a From Oſu Kutais; th Mingrelia, enough, an Suchum, a at Sebaſtop.

OUR V

We are Captain A the pleaſing in all) were that time land, about ſpring ſo Fahr.), and 18° 40' eaſt had paſſed countries Mountain (quas) is th black hills got through River elev ward to the ſwimmers horſes, fifty dogs, in th Though peared bar cattle, and wards the of ſtrange tains of iron men w Captain A in lat. 22° there to co

We dre of The Soc We have to any other contrary, ſuch ſocie gum, and tion are n and popul it is man awakened, bled. F



ism the ferns of an unexplored alpine region. On the fifth day we returned to Bambara, without having lost a man. Other excursions were made to the rivers Metchisi, Pschandra, Kipse, &c. In the environs of Suchum Kalé you cannot venture with safety above half a verst from the fortress. On one of these excursions, musket balls whistled about our ears, and we were obliged to effect our retreat over a rude bridge by the aid of our bayonets and the butt end of our muskets. In a word, we were forced to obtain with arms in our hands, the few interesting objects that we collected in Abascia.

When the heat became more oppressive, we went first by sea to Illori, and then to Redut-Kalé in the marshy land of Mingrelia. From Redut-Kalé we rode on horseback along the strand to Poti and St. Nicholas, and collected the plants of this detestable coast. The whole tract from Poti to St. Nicholas, is an immense forest of *Buxus sempervirens*, which infects the air with its offensive smell. From St. Nicholas we turned to the left, and established our head quarters at Osurgeli, for the purpose of investigating the Adsharsian chain, which extends from Kobuleti to Suram. What is called the road to this mountain chain, the highest summit of which is named Kutizstapa (Man's head), is a cliff formed by running water, and it leads up by thirty terrace-like landing places, to the plateau. We went this way six times; built at the top a hut of beams of *Pinus Orientalis*; remained three weeks near the line of snow, subject to great privations—and visited the Achalzik chain, and the sources of the Kur. Here Döllinger was attacked by an intermittent fever, which subsequently changed to a bilious fever—and my servant caught a nervous fever—I myself a slow fever. Our predecessor, the diligent Szowitz, here caught a putrid fever, which proved fatal to him. From Osurgeli we travelled through all Guriet to Kutais; thence to the promontory of Letschgum in Mingrelia, where Prince Dadian treated us rudely enough, and at length reached Anaklia, then went to Suchum, and have now come back to the Lazaretto at Sebastopol.

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

We are happy to learn that letters received from Captain Alexander, dated the 1st of January, convey the pleasing intelligence that he and his party (eight in all) were in good health and spirits. He was at that time at Africaners Kraal, in Great Namaqualand, about fifty miles east of the Warm Bath (a spring so called, the temperature of which is 103° Fahr.), and perhaps in about 28° 20' south lat. and 18° 40' east long. Describing the desert which he had passed through, he says "Of all the accursed countries I ever saw, that between the Kamies Mountain and Giep River (the 'Hoom of the Namaquas) is the worst—dry, stony, grey, and hot plains, black hills, springs 40 and 50 miles apart. But we got through safe and well, and across the Orange River cleverly, the chief, Abraham, having gone forward to the Warm Bath, and returned with sixteen swimmers to assist us. We had two waggons, fifty horses, fifty bullocks, fifty sheep, and half a dozen dogs, in the caravan."

Though the country round Africaners Kraal appeared bare, yet the people had plenty of sheep and cattle, and assured Captain Alexander that northwards the country improves at every step, and is full of strange things. They talked, for instance, of mountains of iron, of two-legged serpents of enormous size, of men with the feet of elephants, of unicorns, &c. Captain Alexander expected to reach Whalfish Bay in lat. 22° 45' south by March, and to find a vessel there to convey him back to the Cape.

We drew attention last week to the announcement of *The Society for the Encouragement of British Art*. We have no desire to put this Society in opposition to any other established on a like principle—on the contrary, the more of them the better; and, seeing that such societies exist in many towns of Germany, Belgium, and France, whose whole wealth and population are not more than a fractional part of the wealth and population of a single parish in this great city, it is manifest that if a feeling for art be once awakened, dozens of them may be beneficially established. But we recommend it in preference to the

*Art-Union Society*, and for this reason,—the pictures are to be selected by a Committee. Now we have not the honour of being known, personally, to a single Member of this Committee—we cannot therefore say whether they have been wisely or unwisely chosen—but it is reasonably certain that the vacancies will be filled up by selecting, from among the Subscribers, such persons as are most conversant with the subject, and therefore that the standard of taste of the Committee will be eventually, above the average standard of taste among the Subscribers or the public; and this will tend to raise the standard of art. Now the principle on which the *Art-Union* is established must, in our opinion, have an effect directly the contrary. Any man who purchases pictures may be presumed to have a love for, and this will in the end generate a knowledge of art. But there will be many Subscribers to both Societies who desire only a little gambling—to risk their pound for the chance of winning a hundred—and who would quite as soon join in a raffle for a horse, or a snuff-box, or a pipe of port wine, as for a picture. The motive of the Subscriber, however, is of no consequence so long as others have to dispose of the money; but the *Art-Union* proposes that each prize-holder shall "select for himself." Now, is it not certain that next to the horse of flesh and bone, the horse raffer would desire to have his horse's portrait?—the alderman perhaps to be drawn in his gown and chain?—in fact, is it not obvious that such patronage must tend to degrade art? The scheme may be beneficial to the lowest class of artists, but utterly ruinous to art itself, and therefore we recommend *The Society for the Encouragement of British Art* in preference to the *Art-Union*; and take leave to remind our readers that as the Exhibitions are now open, and selections must be forthwith made, they should lose no time in sending their guinea. Fortunately, the number of Subscribers signifies little to those subscribing, as the prizes will increase in a proportionate degree.

The Italian savants seem to be working at their different professions with great activity. Signor Mui, it appears, continues his *Collectio Vaticana Scripturum Veterum*, and has almost finished the printing of the Greek text of the Old and New Testament, after the celebrated manuscript of the Vatican. Padre Ungarelli, a learned Orientalist, has collected extensive materials for a publication explaining the hieroglyphics on the obelisks at Rome, according to the method of M. Champollion the younger: he is publishing the Coptic Grammar of M. Rosellini, and the first volume of his *Literary History of the Barnabite Congregation* has appeared, in which he gives some valuable notices concerning the writers who have made this learned body so illustrious. Padre Secchi has been long working at a Greek Grammar, on a new plan, and is also busy with the Etruscan and Phœnician languages. M. Sarti, Professor of the Greek language to the Roman University, has had the courage to read, copy, and illustrate, all the profane and Christian inscriptions, in Greek and Latin, which cover the walls of the Vatican Museum. The Abbe Lanci, Professor of Arabic, who has acquired a brilliant reputation in consequence of his illustrations of the monuments of Egypt and Phœnicia, and his work on the interpretation of some of the passages of Holy Writ, continues his biblical illustrations: and M. Sebastiani has given two new translations of the New Testament, in Latin and Persian, according to the Greek text.

A splendid dinner was given on the 30th March, at New York, by the booksellers of that city, to authors and to members of the trade, from Boston, Philadelphia, &c. We are indebted, we presume, to the Editor of *The American* for a copy of that paper, containing full particulars; and we return him our best thanks. Among the company present, were Washington Irving, Paulding, Halleck, President Duer, Bryant, Colonel Trumbull, the Hon. Albert Gallatin, Chancellor Kent, Judge Irving, the Professors of Columbia College and the University, and others less known in England. It appears to have been a splendid affair, managed much after our own established fashion, except, indeed, that the number of toasts exceed all precedent. We regret to add, that the great question of an international law of copyright was not even adverted to: as, indeed, the following "sentiment," proposed by Mr.

N. P. Willis, passed without comment, we presume there was a tacit understanding on the subject—"The Republic of Letters; in which all who speak the same language are compatriots, and should reciprocate protection and kind feeling." Washington Irving proposed the health of "Samuel Rogers—the friend of American genius." Paulding followed with "James Fenimore Cooper—May he never become an example of the ingratitude of Republics." That the manner in which this toast would be received was doubtful, is evident enough from Mr. Paulding's introductory speech. We rejoice, however, that it was given. Mr. Cooper is a wayward man, and may have given cause of anger both to Englishmen and Americans; but he is sound at heart, and his name will live among the most honoured of his country.

We are glad to hear that sanguine hopes are entertained by some of the most eminent of the faculty, that Lady Morgan, who has arrived in town, will ultimately recover her sight, although for the present all literary labour is prohibited. While on this subject we shall take leave to hint to our liberal government that when next they are pleased to bestow pensions on either literary men or women, they ought to remember that few have a better title to such serviceable mark of good-will and respect than Lady Morgan; who fought the good fight before liberality came into fashion, and maintained her opinions,—we cannot say through good report and ill report,—but through ill report alone, for there was then no other.

We must, of necessity, compress into the smallest possible space our mention of the *Second and Third Ancient Concerts*, and of the *Third Società Armonica*, none of which furnishes us with matter for a separate notice at this busy time; the first two being as gravely soporific as usual, the latter being started by Grisi and Tamburini, and giving agreeable tokens of improvement on the part of the orchestra. The list of benefit concerts to come is awfully long; Mr. Kellner's took place yesterday week,—Miss Birch, who was encored in a canzonet of Haydn's, and Miss Rainforth, being the principal lady singers; and Mr. Kellner himself appearing both as vocalist and pianist. In the latter capacity he displayed considerable powers of hand, in executing a fantasia by Thalberg. The "high contracting parties," however, have more variety among which they may choose for the entertainment of their friends and patrons than in any previous season, Pasta having actually arrived, and Schroeder being hourly expected—if, indeed, she have not "unpacked her mails" between the time of writing and of printing these lines. In Paris, the new tenor, Duprez, appears to have made a decided hit, and to have surprised, if not silenced, those who looked for the downfall of the Grand Opera when Nourrit left it. Onslow has been recently decorated with the Cross of the Legion of Honour. On the whole, in the French, no less than the English capital, Music is decidedly "looking up."

#### SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

The EXHIBITION of the SOCIETY of BRITISH ARTISTS, Suffolk-street, Pall Mall East, is NOW OPEN to the Public from 9 in the Morning till Dusk.—Admission, 1s.

T. C. HOFLAND, Secretary.  
Mr. Theed's admired Statue of NAÏCISSEUS, which was received from Rome a few days since, is now arranged in the Exhibition.

#### Closing of the present Exhibition.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, PALL MALL.  
The Gallery for the Exhibition and Sale of the Works of BRITISH ARTISTS, will be CLOSED THIS DAY.—Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 1s.

WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

THE THIRTY-THIRD ANNUAL EXHIBITION of the SOCIETY of PAINTERS in WATER COLOURS, at their Gallery, PALL MALL EAST, is NOW OPEN.  
Open each Day from 9 till dusk.—Admission 1s.; Catalogue 6d.  
R. HILLS, Sec.

#### CORREGGIO MAGDALEN.

This divine Work of Art, perhaps the chef-d'œuvre of Correggio, is NOW ON VIEW at the Scientific Institution, No. 49, Pall Mall, and will remain till the 3rd of June.—Admission, 1s. Open from 10 till 5 o'clock.

N.B. A few doors from the British Institution.

#### DIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK.

The Nobility, Gentry, and the Public, are respectfully informed that this Establishment is NOW OPEN for the Season, with a NEW EXHIBITION, the BASILICA of ST. PAUL AT ROME, BEFORE AND AFTER THE FIRE; and the VILLAGE OF ALAGNA DESTROYED BY AN AVALANCHE.

## SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

## ROYAL SOCIETY.

April 27.—Francis Baily, Esq., V.P., in the chair. —M. Becquerel, Professor Ehrenberg, Admiral Von Krusenstern, and Professor Mirbel, were elected Foreign Members. James F. W. Johnston, A.M. F.R.S.E. was proposed as candidate. Lieut. Wellsted, and Thomas Graham, Esq., were admitted Fellows.

The remaining part of Major Sabine's report on Mr. Douglas's papers, containing various geographical, meteorological, and magnetical observations, taken on the western coast of North America, was read.

The following papers were also read, viz:—1. 'Analysis of the Roots of Equations, by the Rev. R. Murphy, M.A.' communicated by J. W. Lubbock, Esq. 2. 'On the First Changes in the Ova of the Mammifera,' by Thomas Wharton Jones, Esq.; communicated by Richard Owen, Esq.

## ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

March 9.—The Rev. Dr. Spry in the chair.—Mr. Hamilton completed the reading of his extract from Dr. Kugler's Essay on the Polychromy of Greek architecture and sculpture (see our report of the meeting of December 8, 1837).

Proceeding to the consideration of sculptures on Temples, the writer described the traces of painting, gilding, and similar decorations, which have been discovered on the following ancient edifices:—the temple of Theseus, the Parthenon, the temple of Apollo at Bassæ, the temple of Minerva at *Ægina*, the central peripteral temple on the Acropolis of Selinus, &c.

The remainder of the extract contained a view of the principles of Polychromy. The leading principle was considered by the author to have been the simple distinction of parts, as contradistinguished from a complete system of imitation. The naked parts of the body, being the essential portions of the figure, were represented in a material calculated to exhibit perfectly the distinctions and development of the form; the drapery, on the contrary, being regarded as an accidental addition, was distinguished by the lightness and richness of the material. In the same light was the hair likewise regarded; while the eye, the focus of intelligence, as not capable of being represented by form alone, was also coloured, or made of a coloured stone or other substance; we, notwithstanding, find among the best productions of Greek art, no evidence of any attempt to give a complete imitation of nature. It was only after sculpture had begun to degenerate that such attempts were allowed, and then only in smaller works.

The above principle the writer concluded by vindicating,—first, against the opinions of those who see in the use of colour at all in sculpture, merely a relic of traditional barbarism; secondly, against those who advocate a complete system of colouring to imitate nature in every part; asserting, in contradiction to both, the excellence of that spirit of moderation in all things, which prevailed in the arts of Greece, and is clearly discoverable in this instance.

April 13.—Lord Bexley, V.P. in the chair.—Mr. Hamilton read some extracts from the correspondence of his son, W. J. Hamilton, Esq. containing further details (see report of the meeting of Nov. 24, 1836) of his geographical and antiquarian researches along the western coast of Asia Minor. In this part of his correspondence, the learned traveller described his visit to the ruins of Erythræ and to those of Teos; at each of which places several inedited inscriptions and remains of ancient buildings and sculpture, hitherto unnoticed, have been discovered. Additional facts were also adduced, serving to ascertain the site of the great temple of Diana at Ephesus; and that of the tomb of Mausolus of Halicarnassus; and various remains of Cyclopean and Hellenic walls have been traced throughout a considerable part of the shores of the Gulf of Syme as well as in the island of Rhodes, including the substructions of the great temple of Jupiter, upon Mount Atabyrius, on the western coast of the island.

April 27.—The general anniversary meeting of the Society took place this day, the Earl of Ripon, President, in the chair.—The annual Report of the Council (which included an account of the state of the Society's funds, an enumeration of papers read

during the year, and an announcement of a volume of Transactions, now nearly ready for the press) having been read by the Secretary, the President addressed the meeting.

The subject first noticed by his Lordship was the death of the late Bishop of Salisbury, to whose exertions the Society was in a great measure indebted for its existence. The death of the late Rev. Dr. Richards, one of the Vice Presidents, and a munificent friend of the Society, was likewise feelingly adverted to; as was also the death of Sir Francis Freeling, one of the earliest members of the Society.

From these the address passed to more general topics connected with Literature, in particular to the characteristic circumstance of our times, the rapid diffusion of knowledge over the surface of the globe. Beginning with our own country, he traced the current of literary improvement in the other great European countries, in the United States of America, in the British possessions in India and in Persia; the last countries referred to as evincing in a remarkable manner the advance of knowledge in our times, were Turkey, and the Vice-royalty of Egypt. It was stated, that, in the latter country especially, education is liberally encouraged by its ruler.

The following noblemen and gentlemen were elected officers, &c. for the ensuing year:—

President.—The Right Honourable the Earl of Ripon.

Vice-Presidents.—The Dukes of Newcastle, Rutland, Sutherland; the Earl of Belmore; Lord Bexley; Sir Gore Ouseley, Bart.; H. Hallam, Esq.; W. M. Leake, Esq.; L. H. Petit, Esq.; the Rev. J. Hume Spry, D.D.

Council.—W. Bentham, Esq.; the Rev. G. Beresford; R. Blackmore, Esq.; the Rev. R. Cattermole, (Secretary); the Rev. H. Clissold, (Librarian); N. Connop, Esq.; W. R. Hamilton, Esq. (Foreign Secretary); H. Holland, Esq.; W. Jacob, Esq. (Treasurer); G. P. R. James, Esq.; D. Pollock, Esq.; the Rev. H. Stebbing; Sir M. Tierney, Bart.; the Rev. G. Tomlinson; W. Tooke, Esq. M.P.; the Hon. A. Trevor, M.P.

Treasurer.—W. Jacob, Esq.

Auditors.—C. P. Cooper, Esq.; the Rev. J. Edwards.

Librarian.—The Rev. H. Clissold.

Secretary.—The Rev. R. Cattermole.

Foreign Secretary.—W. R. Hamilton, Esq.

Accountant and Collector, Mr. T. Paull.

## ROYAL INSTITUTION.

The Anniversary Meeting was held on Monday, May 1st; the Duke of Somerset, President, in the chair.—The report of the visitors, which was read by Mr. Daniell, the Secretary, announced that after a long season of difficulty, the Institution was now placed in that independent station, which, as the most active and popular establishment in the empire, adorned with the celebrity imparted to it by more than one great philosopher, it ought always to have occupied. The whole of the debt had, during the past year, been cancelled, and a balance now existed in favour of the Institution. The number of Members admitted during the past year, was greater, by ten, than in the preceding; and a corresponding increase had also taken place in the number of subscribers to the lectures. The premises were in a state of substantial repair, and the visitors expressed a hope for the speedy accomplishment of the proposal of giving to the exterior of the building an appearance more in accordance with the importance of the scientific body to which it belongs. The thanks of the meeting were voted to Mr. Faraday, for his devotion and services to the interests of the Institution, and the usual ballot for officers took place.

## INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.

April 11.—The President in the chair.—Mr. Brunel gave an account of the Thames Tunnel. He explained the nature of the former operations of Vazie and Trevelthick, by whom a tunnel 5 feet in height, 2 feet 6 inches in breadth at the top, and 3 feet at the bottom, had been carried more than 1000 feet. But in 1808, the river broke in upon it, and the work was irretrievably lost. It was from the data furnished by this operation, that his opinion of the practicability of the present undertaking was formed. The present excavation is 38 feet in breadth,

and 22 feet in height, and the support which is requisite for the ground, is furnished by the shield. The shield consists of twelve parallel frames ranged side by side, each frame being divided into three cells or partitions, by two floors. Mr. Brunel explained, by reference to drawings, the adjustment of the floors, the contrivances by which each frame was made to derive support from, or assist in supporting its neighbour, as necessity might require; and the manner in which it was advanced. Each frame stands on two legs, and advances, as it were, by short steps; having, for this purpose, an articulation very like that of the human body. The advantage of the system of building by rings, which he had adopted, had been fully demonstrated by the fact of the brick-work having sustained two irruptions, and yet exhibited no symptoms of rupture. The chasm formed at the last irruption absorbed more than 50,000 cubic feet of clay bags, before the workmen could re-enter the works. The greatest inconvenience under which they laboured, was the want of a drain: they had attempted to make one—but, getting into the stratum of quicksand 50 feet thick, which is at a small depth below them, were obliged to abandon the project. The land springs were a great source of annoyance; many of these were extremely offensive, and produced cutaneous eruptions, and were a great source of annoyance to the workmen. The difficulties of the work are vast, but there could be no doubt, but that in time they would be surmounted; the progress at the present point is necessarily exceedingly slow.

April 18.—The President in the chair.—Mr. Thomas Page, of Rotherhithe, was transferred from the class of Associates, to the class of Members; and Mr. Noah Coward, of Redruth, was elected a Corresponding Member.

The minutes of the last conversation being read, Mr. Brunel explained those points on which individuals present wished for information. The increase of the water informs them of what is going on above, and they guard against it accordingly. They had been much troubled by the unusually high tides of the present spring; the change from low to high water is exceedingly trying; in the natural ground it is usually attended with an increase of water, but in the ground made with clay bags, with a diminution. The works had advanced 127 feet since the introduction of the new shield. Some inquiries were made on the means adopted for ventilating the works, and considerable discussion took place on the methods of ventilation by rarefaction and condensation—that is, by drawing out or forcing in air. Mr. Brunel stated, that respiration and the pulse were slower in the diving bell, where condensed air was breathed, than under other circumstances.

A paper was then read, descriptive of a new leveling machine, invented by Mr. Harrison, of Edinburgh. This machine is to be drawn along by horses, and is intended, by registering the rise and fall of the roads, and the space passed over, to make at once a section of the country.

April 25.—The President in the chair.—Major H. D. Jones, Royal Engineers, of Dublin, and Mr. Drury, of Ghent, were elected Corresponding Members. Mr. Paine, of Lincoln's Inn Fields, Lieut. H. D. Harness, of the Royal Engineers, Mr. Renton, of Bradford, and Mr. Newton, of Chancery Lane, were elected Associates.

A paper by Mr. Beamish, relating to the Thames Tunnel, was read.

Mr. Trubshaw having presented to the Institution a model of the centre employed by him in constructing the arch of Chester Bridge, being the largest stone arch in the world, considerable discussion took place respecting it. Mr. Trubshaw pointed out the peculiar features in the construction of this centre, and the means which had been adopted so successfully in building the arch.

Mr. Macneil then exhibited the method which he had adopted, of projecting the sections on the survey in Ireland. On one side of the line the cutting might be represented, on the other side the embankment. The scale being applied to these, the extent, depth, and height of each would be seen. A plan being hung up, so as to bring any particular portion of a line nearly horizontal, the eye would see at once the amount of each; and on two lines being thus compared, the reasons for adopting one and abandoning the other, would frequently be at once

apparent. He for the ascent, decisively for them.

April 26.—A specimen of Vigners, which Yorkshire, species of do which appear with the India similar palmar Hardwicke in described a from other m the white fas up, the plant strongly mar not so defined temperature, oped on the birds. Mr. sent them ov graphs of the two new spec

Amiearsan Derby, Pres the report of that the tota 14s. 10d., an 5s. 6d. The 1550k.; annu 670l.; ivory 9463l. 2s.; Amongst th Gardens we cost of anim nals 1040l. works, mate Museum for uments are b certain; art invested in capital fund isted of de 1653l. 18s. years the pe diure has b age annual period, abou for life. T real expend admissions, during the ing been 1 7,843l. 6s. recommend the Invest has been re in future a should be sums as th able to add Mr. Yar which it ap nals is 30s election. added, 33 resigned, a number of Members 2 Sir Thoma past year. as, during Members 1 the Garde the object Secretary, presented, of the Cou its increas have visit Members and 189,2 whom, wa The Memen



apparent. He proposed also to use the term acclivity for the ascents, on going from some chief place, and declivity for the descents, and to mark a rate after them.

## ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

April 26.—Thomas Bell, Esq., F.R.S. in the chair. A specimen of a snowy owl was exhibited by Mr. Vigors, which was shot on a moor near Selby, in Yorkshire. Mr. Gray exhibited the horn of a new species of deer from the Himalayan Mountains, which appeared to belong to a group intermediate with the Indian deer and Rein-deer; drawings of a similar palmated horn having been given by General Hardwicke in his Zoology of this country. Mr. Bell described a new species of *Galiotis*, which differed from other martens in the character of the hair and the white fascia round the neck which were turned up, the plantigrade character of the feet being also strongly marked. One noticed by Mr. Darwin was not so defined; but this perhaps might depend upon temperature, by which more or less hair was developed on the foot, a fact noticed in many animals and birds. Mr. Gould exhibited seven rare European birds, from the collection of M. Temmick, who had sent them over to him for illustration in his Monographs of the Birds of Europe; and also characterized two new species of *Prionotis*.

Anniversary Meeting.—April 29.—The Earl of Derby, President, in the chair.—Mr. Valford read the report of the Auditors, from which it appeared that the total income of the year 1836 was 19,123*l.* 1*s.* 10*d.*, and the amount of expenditure 19,637*l.* 1*s.* 6*d.* The sum received for admission fees was 1350*l.*; annual subscriptions 5326*l.* 5*s.*; compositions 670*l.*; ivory tickets 415*l.* 16*s.*; admission to Gardens 9463*l.* 2*s.*; and admission to Museum 38*l.* 17*s.* Amongst the payments to the account of the Gardens were salaries and wages 2658*l.* 8*s.* 8*d.*; cost of animals 1478*l.* 14*s.* 11*d.*; carriage of animals 1040*l.* 12*s.* 1*d.*; provisions 1853*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*; works, materials, and repairs 1981*l.* 4*s.* 5*d.*; and the Museum formation was stated as 2075*l.* 3*s.* 9*d.* The assets are the living and preserved collections uncertain; arrears of previous and current year 810*l.*; invested in land 1100*l.*; cash 1259*l.* 1*s.* 5*d.*; and capital funded 9261*l.* 12*s.* 7*d.* The liabilities consisted of debts 1382*l.* 2*s.* 7*d.*, and contracts pending 1653*l.* 18*s.* 6*d.* On an average of the last three years the permanent and unavoidable annual expenditure has been upwards of 10,000*l.*, whilst the average annual subscriptions were, during the same period, about 5,200*l.* exclusive of compositions paid for life. The provision for the remainder of the annual expenditure is chiefly dependent on the Garden admissions, the account of which has varied largely during the last seven years, the highest (1831) having been 11,425*l.* 16*s.*, and the lowest (1835) only 7,343*l.* 6*s.*; that in 1836 was 9,463*l.* 2*s.* It was recommended that henceforward the minimum of the Investment Fund should be the amount which has been received for annual subscriptions, and that in future all the money received for compositions should be invested permanently, with such other sums as the Council might from time to time be able to add.

Mr. Yarrell read the report of the Council, from which it appeared that the present number of Members is 3050, and that there are 43 candidates for election. During the past year 291 members were added, 33 had been removed by the Council, 30 had resigned, and 56 had been lost by death. The number of Corresponding Members is 112; Foreign Members 24, and Honorary Members 10; including Sir Thomas Reade, of Malta, who was elected in the past year. The state of the finances was encouraging, as, during the past year, the amount received from Members had nearly equalled that for admissions to the Gardens. The Library, which had been one of the objects of the particular attention of the late Secretary, contains 420 volumes—of which 353 were presented, and 67 purchased; and it is the intention of the Council to devote an annual sum in future for its increase. During the past year, 263,392 persons have visited the Gardens, of which 64,102 were Members or their friends; 10,028 from ivory tickets, and 189,263 by payment, the sum received from whom, was 2163*l.* more than in the year preceding. The Menagerie contains 1025 specimens, of which

307 are quadrupeds, 704 birds, and 14 reptiles. The number of visitors to the Museum was 3668; from whom 38*l.* 17*s.* was received: the present number of specimens in the collection is 6720, of which there are—quadrupeds, 870; birds, 4,800; reptiles, 450; and fishes, 600. The report further announced, that the Council had determined to accept the suggestion of the Council, and that hereafter all the funds derived from compositions would be invested.

These reports were most cordially received, and the meeting amicably terminated, after the usual election for officers and Council, without any of those scenes of disturbance of which it has for the last few years been the arena.

BOTANICAL SOCIETY.—April 20.—J. E. Gray, Esq., F.R.S., President, in the chair.—The Secretary proceeded to read the continuation of his paper, translated from the French of M. Decandolle, on the geographical distribution of plants used as food. The paper contained several facts connected with the dispersion, according to climate and temperature, of the gramineous tribes, and the uses to which they are applied by the people of different nations. The President then alluded to the recent discovery by a French botanist, in the leaves of *Kyanium*. From each of the spiculae a number of membranous cylinders were found to be constantly projecting, which afterwards became contracted; and, by the aid of a powerful glass, this may even be seen in specimens preserved for forty years. The subject was brought before the Academy of Sciences last month, but the experiments had since been repeated by Mr. Gray, with success.

A paper was next read by Mr. Thomas Hancock, describing certain peculiarities in the two species of *Lamium*, *maculatum* and *album*. The author's attention was drawn to the subject, from having witnessed many specimens of the former plant entirely destitute of the longitudinal white patches on the leaves, so particularly insisted on by many authors as its most important specific character. He had also seen several specimens with white flowers, and approaching so closely to *L. album* as to be scarcely distinguishable from it; from all which, and many other facts, he was induced to consider the two plants as merely varieties of one and the same species. Their near affinity had often suggested itself to many botanists; but no one, excepting Dr. Lindley, had ever so arranged them. Mr. Hancock considered the number of the whorls not alone sufficient to found a specific character upon, and quoted Dr. Hooker's remark respecting the constant purple colour of the flowers, which was refuted by his own observation, as well as by that of others. He was strongly of opinion, that the garden specimen which Reichenbach had figured and described as the true *maculatum*, was not that species, but another,—viz. *purpureum*.

MEDICO-BOTANICAL SOCIETY.—April 26.—The Right Hon. Earl Stanhope, F.R.S., President, in the chair.

A paper, by Dr. Hancock, was read, entitled, 'Remarks on the Haiowa, and on some kindred species.' The Haiowa is one of those elegant trees chiefly inhabiting the mountain regions of Guiana, and also near the coast, and highly valued by the natives on account of its numerous uses and applications in their arts and medicine. The author enumerated the botanical characters, and considered it the same with the *leica heptaphylla* of Aublet and Decandolle, and *Amyris ambrosiaca* of Wilde. The fruit, leaves, and bark, abound with a sweet odoriferous balsam or gum resin, which (as in other species of the *Amyrideæ*) is yielded much more abundantly on the highlands than on the flat alluvial coast. Dr. Hancock was of opinion, that the plants of this natural family *Amyrideæ* have been multiplied and confounded, and that some extraordinary errors are entertained regarding their balsamic products—the production of the Worary poison, and that of the *Ticanas*, having been attributed to one of the species (*A. toxifera*). The balsam or gum-resin of the Haiowa exudes from the trunk and branches, either naturally or from incisions made in the tree, and may be collected in great abundance in the dry season, about the full moon, when its exhalations load the air with a grateful odour. The fruit, also, is replete with the balsam, and of a bitterish, sub-

acid taste; its properties being, no doubt, much the same as the famed carpo-balsamum formerly known in the shops. Dr. Hancock then described some other trees of the same natural family; and, so abundant are these exudations in different parts of Guiana, that he had no doubt but that ship-loads might be brought here, and would serve for giving strength and durability to cordage with far greater advantage than pitch and tar. The Indians, amongst other uses, mix it with anoto paint, and oil of carapa, for anointing their bodies. The author considers, that were the Haiowa collected and preserved, like the balsam of Gilead (to which it is very analogous in chemical and medical properties), it would be found to possess equal or greater virtues—that is, by drawing it into bottles, and keeping it closely corked, for it hardens and becomes brittle by long exposure to air. The Haiowa is regarded by the natives as one of their most sovereign remedies. Its fumes are inhaled in coughs, and the resin itself forms an excellent plaster for wounds and ulcers, as well as a restorative in atrophy and hectic. The bark, in decoction, is much employed in fevers and dysentery, and regarded as very powerful against spasms and convulsions. The remainder of the paper consisted of details of cases showing its effects in coughs and consumptive cases, and concluded with some observations on the utility of balsamic remedies, and on the false impressions prevailing against their general use.

At the conclusion of the above paper, specimens were exhibited, by Dr. Hancock, of the far-famed Worary poison of the Macosie Indians of South America, together with a case of arrows pointed with the same. This led to a conversation on the mode of preparing the poison, its effects, and on the plant from which it is procured. A dried specimen of the latter, but very much decayed, was handed round. This was procured, in 1810, from the mountain *Courantine* (i.e. mountain of the otter), on the river Repony. It was, undoubtedly, a species of *Strychnos*, although the flowers have never been found by any botanists. The mode in which the natives propel the arrows is, by blowing through a reed formed of a slender species of palm, called *Maheee*. The poison is put up in small gourds, or fruit capsules of the Worary plant, about the size of a large orange. The genuine poison is an extract, formed solely from the bark of this plant, which is an elegant climber, entwining and extending itself amongst the tops of the highest trees. With respect to its mode of action, it was said, that although introduced into the blood, by inoculation, the Worary would presently prove fatal—killing without convulsions or signs of pain—(the animal expiring with ascutition and yawning,) yet, when taken into the stomach, no sensible effects were produced; and in this respect it differed remarkably from all other species of the *Strychnos* family. It was observed, however, that in these the poison is procured from the fruit, whilst in the Worary it is the bark of the plant boiled into an extract. This may account for the difference in their mode of action. The Worary, too, when mixed with pepper and other acid substances, will also occasion convulsions. Mr. Hiff mentioned that he had in his possession a tube from Java, apparently similar to, or answering the description of, that used for the Worary; and another, from the same place, was also in the museum of the Royal Asiatic Society. The poison, however, used by the Javanese was thought by Mr. Judd not to be the Worary, but a preparation from the Upas tree; and he further explained the convulsive and painful effects produced on animals by strychnine.

ASHMOLEAN SOCIETY, Oxford.—The arrival of several large boxes of organic remains collected in the Himalaya Mountains, and presented to the Society by Lieut.-Col. Stacy, was announced. The contents of them consist principally of the bones of the elephant, mastodon, and hippopotamus. Doctor Buckland has undertaken to give an account of them to the Society.

A paper by Dr. Duncan was then read by the Secretary, referring to the various kinds of fermented liquors used as drink by the human race, and entering at some length into the characters of the wines of ancient Greece and Italy. Dr. Daubeny then gave a description of the rocks of Adelsbach, on the Bohemian frontier, a day's journey from the Riesen-

gebirge, or Giant Mountains of Silesia, which are remarkable for the weathered condition of the sandstone of which they consist. The rock is the Quadersenstein, and corresponds to the green-sand formation of this country; it is a continuation of the rock through which the Elbe flows in that district of Saxony known as the Saxon Switzerland. The whole of this sandstone formation, occupying a space of not less than four miles by two, is divided into polyhedral masses to a depth of not less than 100 feet (from the upper surface). The causes may be considered to be the force of running water and the downward action of rain, to which Dr. Buckland thought that the force of the wind should be added.

## MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

SAT.	Asiatic Society (Anniversary) .....	One P.M.
	College of Physicians .....	Nine.
MON.	Royal Geographical Society .....	Nine.
	Medico-Chirurgical Society .....	½ p. Eight.
	Society of Arts (Illustrations) .....	Eight.
TUES.	Civil Engineers .....	Eight.
	Zoological Society (Scien. Business) ..	½ p. Eight.
	Medico-Botanical Society .....	Eight.
WED.	Literary Fund .....	Three.
	Society of Arts .....	Eight.
	Graphic Society .....	Eight.
THUR.	Royal Society .....	½ p. Eight.
	Royal Society of Literature .....	Four.
	Society of Antiquaries .....	Eight.
FRI.	Astronomical Society .....	Eight.
	Royal Institution .....	½ p. Eight.

## FINE ARTS

## ROYAL ACADEMY.

THIS sixty-ninth Exhibition of the Royal Academy must be a memorable one to the veteran pilgrim in search of incorporated art. How strange to him to stop short at St. Martin's—to be defrauded of the toilsome ascent of the staircases at Somerset House, and his annual complainings about "the virtues in marble" stowed away in a bandbox. The New Exhibition Rooms, however, at the National Gallery must, we think, satisfy the most sturdy *laudator temporis acti*.

Let us, then, proceed to consider the works of art exhibited. Were we disposed to generalize upon the predominance of the *sensual* over the *spiritual* observable in our modern school—and this not merely in the subjects chosen, but also in the manner of treating them—we could not find a better starting-point for our remarks and regrets than Mr. Etty's magnificent picture of *The Sirens and Ulysses* (No. 122); for, be it remembered, there is a magnificence in grossness, as well as a beauty in refinement. Let any person experienced in the *mind* of Italian art, figure to himself in what manner one of its masters would have treated this loveliest of all the legends of classic mythology, in which beauty and death mingle,—and then look at Mr. Etty's picture. He will turn away, with pain, from the three gigantic, voluptuous fiends in the foreground, with their massy white waving arms, and their moist, full-orbed eyes—so dismally contrasted against the corrupting bodies of their victims, which grovel at their feet, and are painted (as it were) with the very slime of the charnel-house. Yet this gorgeous and ghastly composition—leaving out of consideration the burk of Ulysses, and its freight of half-enchanted struggling figures—is not without its touch of true poetry. A little apart from the false spirits of the isle, and their loathsome prey, a few asphodels have sprung up,—a sea-shell or two have been washed ashore by the pitying waves, around a scull and a few mouldering bones. The eye rests on this merely accessory episode with a pleasure that makes us regret that the artist did not put forth his extraordinary powers as a colourist upon a picture wholly conceived in this purer and more poetical fashion. Mr. Etty gives again full vent to his particular genius in a smaller picture—*Samson betrayed by Dalilah* (21). In this, the meretricious and sumptuous beauty which he delights to draw in is its right place: the deluder has a tearful eye to turn upon Samson, even while her open hand waits for the price of his ruin. There is also a fine and natural expression given to the swarthy knave who is binding the champion of Israel: he can, as yet, hardly believe that he lies in the power of any man to subdue the untameable one, and performs his task with anxiety and hesitation. Compared with this picture,

Mr. Chalon's *Dalilah* (60) is at once characterless and melo-dramatic: a composition of jewellery and brocade, and of a beauty delicate and unmeaning, as far as the female is concerned—and with respect to the hero (now bound) of the writhing limbs and drooped head of a stage victim. The colouring of both is gorgeous—of the latter, a little over-gay.

Chance has led us to give these three pictures the precedence in our notice—we almost think that preference would have commenced with Mr. Calcott's charming *Raffaello and the Fornarina* (104). This is one of the few pictures of feeling in the room; there is enough of human beauty both in the artist and the *innamorata*, on whom he fixes so warm and tender a gaze, to rivet admiration. But mind is still predominant: the artist dreams of his Madonnas and saints even while his eye feasts upon the polished brow and deep eyes of her who sits at his side. There is something, too, in her tranquil smile, which assures us, that while she knows herself to be loved, she is conscious that her lover is no common handicraftsman. This is a most covetable picture; and for a companion to it we would purchase Mr. Cope's *Paulo and Francesca* (39), in which Dante's two lovers are portrayed—bending head close to head over the Legend of Launcelot, "him by love thrall-ed," and surprised, by their breathless, silent interest in the fable, into a knowledge and confession of their own passion. This is told with a feeling and a delicacy which cannot be too much praised. The colouring of the picture is, perhaps, a little sickly, but Mr. Cope has in it proved himself, even at this early period of his career, to possess that great requisite, expression.

We shall, perhaps, be thought too tardy in noticing the pictures contributed to this Exhibition by Sir David Wilkie, the largest of which is *The Empress Josephine and the Fortune-teller* (144). The future bride of Napoleon listens with an air half coquettish, half credulous, to the Creole woman, who builds for her so brilliant an air-castle in foretelling her future fortune, an old attendant stooping over her the while, encouraging her to believe in the fascinating prediction. Josephine herself is arch and lively enough—but something of artlessness is wanting to her,—of that artlessness which never forsook her, making the great lady of Malmaison, when displaying her jewels, look fondly back to the pair of old shoes given to her poor Hortense, by a sailor on shipboard, as the most precious present she had ever received; there is also a certain angularity, not merely in the general composition, but even in the separate lines of this picture, destructive of its repose, and a liveliness in the tone of colouring which Sir David might have amended. Another clever work from his hand is *Mary Queen of Scots escaping from Lochleven Castle* (119); in all the figures, relieved against the grim architecture of the prison-house, and illuminated by the strong lantern-light cast upwards from the boat in the foreground, eager haste, and the silence in which their enterprise must be conducted, are expressed,—the principal one excepted. Mary Stuart looks not merely untroubled, but composed; she steps towards the boat with as stately a port as if she were about to descend the terrace stairs at Versailles; and her countenance, if not positively indifferently in its beauty, shows scarcely a trace of suppressed anxiety. Now as Mary (save at her execution) was a heroine of passion rather than of endurance, this is surely a mistake. We cannot but esteem *The Cotter's Saturday Night* (358) as a better work than either of the foregoing—nationality apart. Wilkie, in his younger works, has displayed the very genius requisite for the illustration of Burns—that genius which detects and can display the poetry and humour so closely allied in peasant life. The whole arrangement of the group listening to "the Word," and many of its individual heads, are worthy to have been painted by the artist of "The Rent Day" and "The Will."

Another favourite with the public, Mr. Turner, is to be found here in high force, more *Turneresque* than ever—see his *Street in Venice* (31), which is lit up with a prodigality of blue, and yellow, and green, that pleases the eyes of some till they can forgive the absurdity for the sake of the fine fancy also displayed in it; or, as we stood before it. But what shall we say of *The Parting of Hero and Leander* (274), with its masses of splendid architecture on

the left, and on the right its masses of mist of all colours, in which are dimly huddled a company of water-sprites waiting for the lover, only less gross and deformed in their shapes than that lover himself, who, with the maid of Sestos, occupies the centre of the picture, and is lighted, on his last parting from her, by a Hymen eminently fitted by his own gifts and graces to preside over the nuptials of the halt and the maimed? The picture is full of imagination—but it is impudent imagination (the phrase is not our own), and its coarse glaring faults can be only let pass by the exercise of the strongest forbearance, for which, even with Genius rampant, all Catholic critics are, at one time or other, called upon. Mr. Turner's grand landscape of *Apollo and Daphne* (130), though sufficiently exuberant in its invention, and rich in its colouring, and exceptional in the careless deficiency of its figures, is more moderate than the last-mentioned extravagance, and we therefore prefer it, at the risk of being called lukewarm and one-sided.

It was a positive happiness to us (like leaving the pages of Victor Hugo for those of Scott), to turn from these resplendencies, to the true and natural, yet most picturesque paintings, by Edwin Landseer. The favourite seemed to be the *Return from Hawking* (186), in which the portraits of a lady and gentleman and two children, are grouped with a pair of noble horses, and half a score of dogs of all humours and conditions, a couple of attendants, and a *cast of hawks*—with the artist's usual grace, and executed with his usual fineness and absence of affectation. In this picture, we must confess that we lingered upon the figure of the boy who holds the palfrey, with his bluff, square, respectful face, in preference to the lady in green velvet, or her lord and master, who stands beside, looking at the fair child who has climbed into her lap—perhaps because, in the case of the latter, we were puzzled by one or two anachronisms of costume, which leave us in doubt whether the artist intended to paint the old English sport, as it really was (the heads being portraits), or to portray a modern lord and a lady in fancy dress. The little girl, however, who kneels upon a footstool, and teases a hawk, with one from among a bunch of feathers—far more intent upon her mischief than she would be over her lesson-book—is indeed a figure of life and loveliness. Another beautiful picture by the same artist, is *The Highlanders* (160), which, from its shape, we should judge to have been executed for a compartment—a group of sportsmen, with their game led behind them on a pair of shelties, crossing a rude grey-stone bridge—at a little distance another company of gleaners are resting their sheaves on the parapet. The sun sets over the wide picturesque landscape so calmly, as to promise a bright morrow for the sportsmen and the harvest-folk. We cannot linger over the admirable pictures of animals which Mr. E. Landseer has also exhibited: one, however (though the least), we must single out—*The Old Shepherd's Chief Mourner* (112)—the hind's coffin, with his plaid thrown across it, and his Bible and spectacles, and his empty chair beside it, would be unwatched, save for the patient mournful dog, who couches beside it, with a love strong as death. This is one of the most simply pathetic things in the Exhibition—though nothing more than an animal, and "still life"—and we looked upon it long and sadly. Here, for the present, we must close our notice.

## MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

## DRURY LANE.

This Evening, THE HYPOCRITE; with One Act of THE DEVIL ON TWO STICKS; and GUY MANNERING. On Monday, (First time) the Ballet of LA SYLPHIDE, in which Madlle. Tagioni, Mons. Paul Tagioni, and Madame Paul Tagioni will appear.

## FRENCH PLAYS, LYCEUM.

On Monday, LA LUNE DE MIEL; ou, LES SABOTIERS. (Polesse, Mad. Jenny Vertpré).

KING'S THEATRE.—On Thursday week 'Don Giovanni' was revived for Coulon's benefit, and received with so much enthusiasm by a densely crowded audience, that the management was obliged to cause its repetition on Saturday, and again on Tuesday. The cast was the same as last year, with the substitution of Madame Albertazzi in the part of Zerlina, and Madlle. Assandri in that of Elvira. These cha-



acters have rarely been better filled, as far as voice is concerned; on the other hand "bel Masetto" was hardly ever paired with such an inanimate helpmate as his present one. The music goes correctly, but not in the genuine Mozart style; many of the movements are taken out of time. We cannot but particularize the constant disposition shown by Signor Costa, in the first finale, to *accelerate*: this, though it be of little consequence to the flimsily-contrived music of the modern Italian school, is most detrimental to the more substantial compositions of the Germans.

On Thursday last "Il Matrimonio Segreto," that purest and most melodious of the elder Italian operas, was revived for the benefit of Lablache;—the parts of Carolina, Lisetta and Fidalma being sustained by Mossis, Grisi, Assondri, and Albertazzi. It is needless to say that the performance of Lablache in the part of Don Jeronimo was beyond all praise; and we cannot but wonder that it was not recognized by a more numerous audience.

**CLASSICAL CHAMBER CONCERTS.**—These closed for the season yesterday week: the principal features of the scheme of the last being an *Ottetto* by Spohr, in which the mixture of the heavier wind instruments with the violins had, to our ear, a disjointed and unpleasant effect; Beethoven's Quartet No. 10, and his charming pianoforte trio, Op. 70, No. 2, in which M. Rosenhain sustained the principal part with great spirit and delicacy. But the chief interest of the evening attached itself to the brothers Giaz, who made their *débuts* in a brilliant duet for violin and violoncello. The latter is one of the soundest, most satisfactory performers we have ever heard, and the playing of the two is admirable for its neatness and expression and perfect consent; the music, however, in which they appeared was at once dry and fragmentary. Our remarks will apply to the solo and duet played by these gentlemen at the fifth Philharmonic Concert, which took place on Monday, and which, as containing no other particular novelty, we shall pass without further notice.

**CORANT GARDEN.**—A new tragedy, called "Strafford," written by Mr. Browning, author of "Paracelsus," was brought out by Mr. Macready, for his benefit, on Monday last. It rejoiced us much, in the first place, to see the proper compliment of a full house paid to the high talents of the gentleman whose "night" it was, and, with all sincerity, we wish him many such "happy returns." The subject of the tragedy is the decline and fall of the Earl of Strafford, and it exhibits, through him, his unwavering loyalty to his most wavering king. That there must be much cleverness in any one who can construct and write a five act tragedy, to which an audience will patiently listen, is beyond a doubt; but we do not think that "Strafford" has interest enough about it, either of plot or dialogue, to give it more than a temporary existence. The personal politics of the individuals brought on the scene, are entered into far too minutely; and the speeches generally contain so many broken sentences, that they become quite unintelligible; indeed, to so extraordinary and unusual an extent was this last fault carried, that we at last discovered that the best way of obtaining an impression of what was going on was, to take care not to follow the speaker too closely, but to hear the opening of a sentence, and supply the remainder by imagination. This style of writing might answer very well, if an author could be sure that the whole audience would be of one mind; but as that is not very probable, we prefer the old-fashioned way of addressing yourself directly to the understanding. Mr. Macready played *Strafford* with very great ability, and with almost more than his wonted energy. Mr. Vandenhoff was really prosy in *Pym*; and Mr. Dale, in *Charles the First*, was nothing short of execrable. Miss Vincent was quite out of place in *Henrietta Maria*; and Miss Helen Faucit, in the *Countess of Carlisle*, contrived, with much feeling, much delicacy, and great skill, to fill up the outline of a very charming character, which the author had rather indicated than drawn, and to make intelligible that which he had left very unintelligible. There was some opposition to the re-announcement of this play, but the applause greatly prevailed, and, at the end, the principal performers were called on, and cheered off, according to present custom.

**OLYMPIC.**—A smart and lively farce, by Mr. Planché, called "A Peculiar Position" was presented for the first time on Wednesday, and proved successful. Mr. Liston "in a peculiar position" is quite enough to make people begin to laugh as they leave home for the theatre, but when they come there and find him in a succession of peculiar positions, it is of course better than good. This admirable artist was not in the best health, but he played well, and was rewarded by applauses loud and long.

## MISCELLANEA

**Asia Minor.**—M. Texier, in his summary account of the geological construction of Asia Minor, describes the Black Sea, of which it has hitherto been supposed that, in consequence of some violent shock, its waters opened a passage for themselves, and in so doing caused the deluge of Samothracia; but on examining the two sides of the Bosphorus, M. Texier says, they are of such different strata, that they never can have been united. The European side is composed entirely of trachyte and analogous rocks, and the Asiatic of transition limestone. The trachytes have a blue ground with white crystals, and extend in a width of several leagues as far as Belgrade and Kila. If the Bosphorus diminish, as reported, it is probably owing to the effusion of the trachytic rocks on the European side.

**Algeria.**—The Academy of Sciences in Paris has united with that of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres, in a request to the government to send to Algeria, with the exploring expedition, such persons as shall be capable of, and especially charged with making geographical and physical observations, and researches in natural and historical science.

**Compass.**—M. Rey has published a memoir, in which he claims the compass as a French discovery, founding his assertion on the description given of it by Guyot de Provins in the twelfth century, and the figure of the fleur de lis, universally adopted to designate the north point.

**Silex.**—M. Turpin has submitted the silex sent from Berlin by M. Ehrenberg, to microscopic observation. The magnifying power amounted to 260, and this gentleman found; that the semi-opal of Berlin is a conglomerate of a number of siliceous particles and fragments of organic remains, the colour of which varies from transparent white, and passes through yellow, to the deepest and most opaque brown. M. Turpin recognized four different bodies; the first of which he referred to the genus *Gaillonnella* of M. Bory St. Vincent, or *Confervea moniliformis*; the second he considered as a different species of the same genus; the third was a mixture of tubular filaments, divided into cells at rare intervals, and remains of infusoria; the fourth was not organic, but served as a basis for rendering the whole solid. The *Silex pyromaque* of Delitzsch, is much richer in organic productions, offering some very remarkable forms, probably belonging to the eggs of Polypt.

**Darics.**—The most ancient money spoken of in history is the Daric, attributed by Herodotus to the time of Darius Hystaspes, the father of Xerxes; and Brissot, in his beautiful work on Persia, ascribes it to a more ancient Darius, whose date it is difficult to determine. This ancient Darius is now supposed to be Cyrus the Great; and M. de Paravey informs us, that the historical books of the Chinese confirm this last supposition, and also speak of the siege of Troy as occurring at the period ascribed to it by the best authors.

**Long Speeches.**—This increasing nuisance, if not speedily put an end to, will soon swamp public business, or leave its management entirely to chance. Jefferson's observations on this subject are few, but his words and the examples referred to are worthy attention. "I served with General Washington in the legislature of Virginia, before the Revolution, and, during it, with Dr. Franklin in Congress. I never heard either of them speak ten minutes at a time, nor to any but the main point which was to decide the question. They laid their shoulders to the great points, knowing that the little ones would follow of themselves. If the present Congress," he adds, "errs in too much talking, how can it be otherwise, in a body to which the people send one hundred and fifty lawyers, whose trade it is to question everything, yield nothing, and talk by the hour?"—*Tucker's Life of Jefferson.*

## ADVERTISEMENTS

**UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON.**—The Proprietors are informed that the DISTRIBUTION of PRIZES to the Students in the Faculty of Medicine, will take place on Saturday (THIS DAY), at 2 o'clock precisely. The EARL FITZWILLIAM will preside. 4th May, 1837. CHAS. C. ATKINSON, Sec.

**MINERALOGY and GEOLOGY.**—On the 6th of May, Mr. WILTON TURNER will commence an ELEMENTARY COURSE of LECTURES on MINERALOGY and GEOLOGY.

The Subjects will be treated in the following order:—Description of the Crystalline Forms—Explanation of the Principles on which they are classified into Groups or Systems—The Description of the more important and common Minerals—General View of the Formation and Superposition of Rocks—Description of the principal Geological Phenomena. The Course will consist of from 16 to 20 Lectures, delivered on Mondays and Fridays, at 3 P.M. Fee, £1. CHAS. C. ATKINSON, Secretary, AUGUSTUS DE MORGAN, Dean of the Faculty of Arts, University College, 29th April, 1837.

**GEOLOGY.**—Professor JOHN PHILLIPS, F.R.S. and G.S., will commence a COURSE of LECTURES on the STUDY of ORGANIC REMAINS, on MONDAY, the 15th of May, at Three o'clock in the afternoon. ELEMENTAL PHILOSOPHY.—Prof. WHEATSTONE, F.R.S., will, on TUESDAY, the 9th of May, commence a COURSE of LECTURES on the MEASURES of SOUND, HEAT, MAGNETISM, and ELECTRICITY. A syllabus of the Lectures may be obtained at the College. H. J. ROSE, B.D., Principal. King's College, London, 26th April, 1837.

**ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.**—The ANNIVERSARY MEETING for the ELECTION of OFFICERS, &c., will be held on MONDAY, the 15th instant, at the Society's Apartments, 21, Regent-street. The Chair will be taken at 1 o'clock precisely.

The 1st Part of Vol. VII. of the Society's Journal—with the 2nd Edition of Vol. II.—and "Graham's Voyage to Greenland," will be ready for delivery on that day.

**BELGRAVE LITERARY INSTITUTION.**

A CONVERSATION will be held at this Institution, on MONDAY EVENING the 8th inst., when the Rev. RICHARD BURNESS, B.D. Rector of Upper Chelsea, will read a Paper, "On the Form and Parts of the Ancient Christian Temples." Subscription, 2 Guineas per Annum.

By order of the Council, G. G. MITCHELL, Sec.

30, Sloane-street.

**NATIONAL OPERA SOCIETY.**

Instituted for the purpose of establishing a GRAND NATIONAL OPERA in London.

Capital, £50,000, in 10,000 Shares of £5 each.

Trustees, The Rt. Hon. Lord Brougham, Charles Edward Jerningham, Sir Henry Webb, Bart.

Bankers—Messrs. Coutts & Co.

Prospectuses may be obtained (gratis) of the Solicitor, Mr. J. R. Robins, 6, Russell-place, Fitzroy-square; or of the Secretary, Mr. G. H. Rodwell, 100, Long-acre; and of all the principal Music-sellers in the United Kingdom.

**THE SOCIETY for the ENCOURAGEMENT**

of BRITISH ART, desire to call the attention of the Public to the Plan and Object of the Institution. The main feature of the Society is the Selection, by a Committee, of Works of British Artists, to be afterwards distributed, by Lot, among the Subscribers. Any other plan, however beneficial to Artists, does not appear equally calculated for the advancement of Art. A prize in money, to be laid out in the purchase of Works of Art by the gainer, operates only to throw an increased sum of money into the market, without directing its application.

Each Subscription, of One Guinea, entitles the Subscriber to one chance in the Annual Distribution of the purchases made by the Society.

The present appeal is made to those who may be disposed to promote the advancement of Art, in the hope of obtaining their influence as well as their contributions in its support.

Subscriptions are received at Messrs. P. & D. Colnaghi & Co. 14, Pall Mall East; W. Havel, 77, Oxford-street; Chapman & Hall, Booksellers, 186, Strand; R. Jennings, Bookseller, 61, Chancery-lane; and at Messrs. Ransom & Co. Bankers to the Society, Pall Mall East.

## Sales by Auction.

**SOUTHGATE'S ROOMS.**

**COLLECTION OF ENGRAVINGS,**

**AND BOOKS OF PRINTS.**

By Messrs. SOUTHGATE & SON, at their Weekly Sale Rooms, 22, Fleet-street, THIS DAY, May 6, among which are,

**JOSEPH and INFANT SAVIOUR, after Guido,**

by Longhi, proof before the letters—The Madonna, after Caracci, by R. Morghen, India before the letters—Upright Landscape, after Smith, by Woollett—and other Landscapes, by Woollett, Browne and Mason.—Proofs from the National Gallery.

—St. Cecilia, by Sharpe—Byron's Dream, after Eastlake—Venice, after Prout, by Le Keux—The Forster Gallery—Scenic Portraits, Scenic Books, Portfolios, &c.

May be viewed, and Catalogues had at the Rooms.

On TUESDAY, May 9.

**THE VALUABLE LAW LIBRARY**

Of the late CHARLES MILNER, Esq. Barrister, of the Middle Temple.

Consisting of Modern Reports in the House of

Lords, in the Courts of Chancery, King's Bench, Common Pleas, Nisi Prius, &c.—Valuable Digests and Books of Practice—the Statute at Large, &c.

May be viewed, and Catalogues had at the Rooms.

On FRIDAY, May 12.

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